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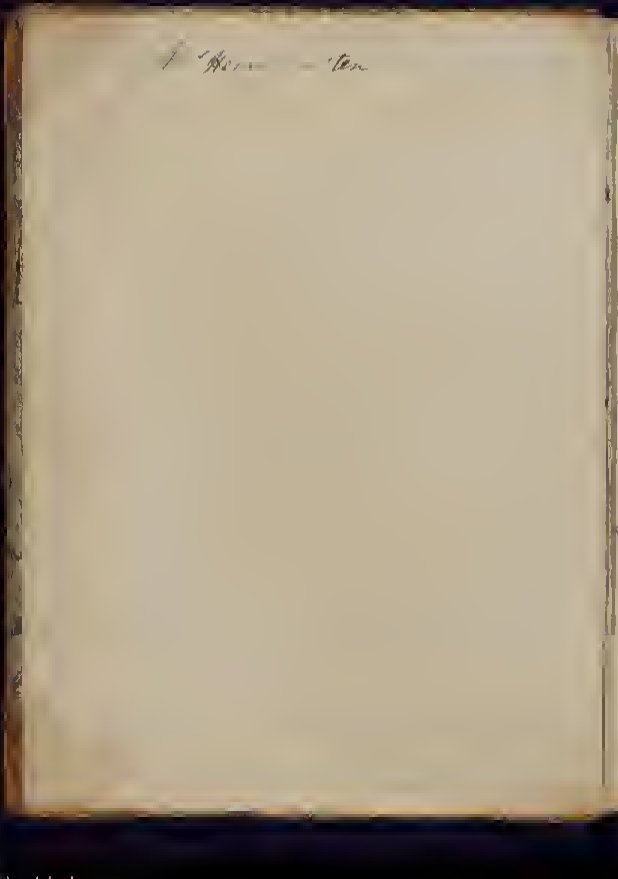

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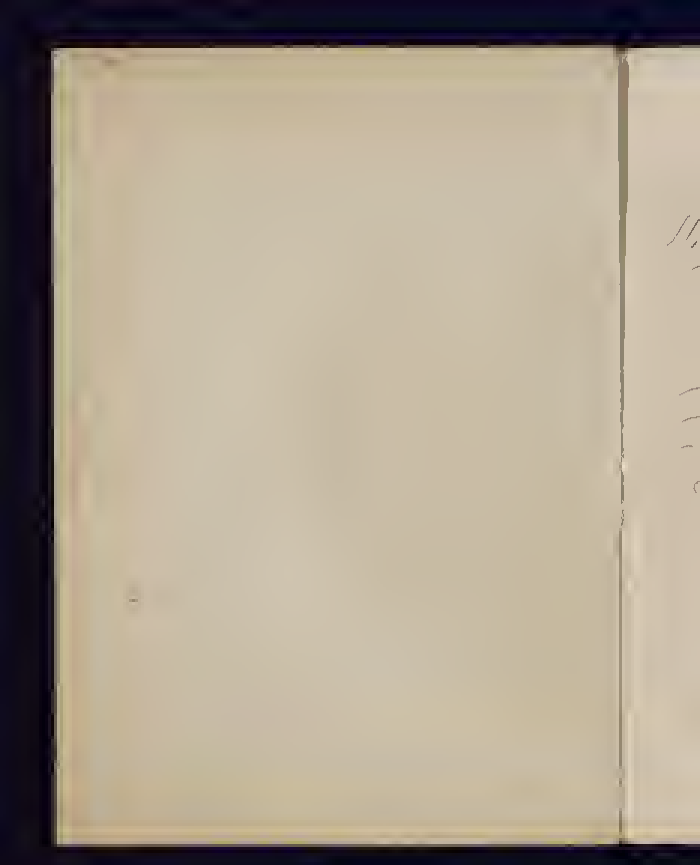

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A Ballad

Dedicated

TO

HENRY

By

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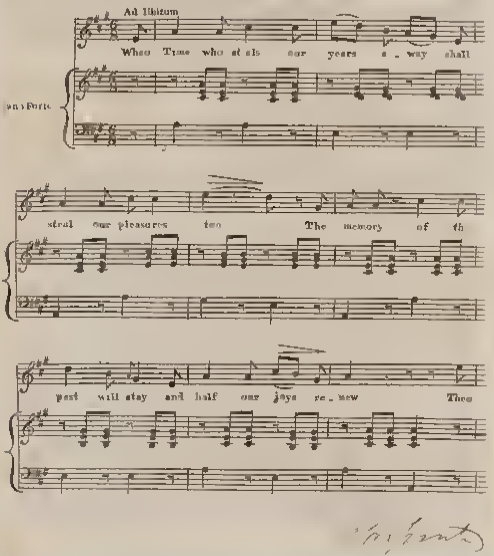
Ad libitum
Who Time who ste_ls our years a_way shall
Pianoforte
stral our pleasures too The memory of th
past will stay and half our joys re_new Thro

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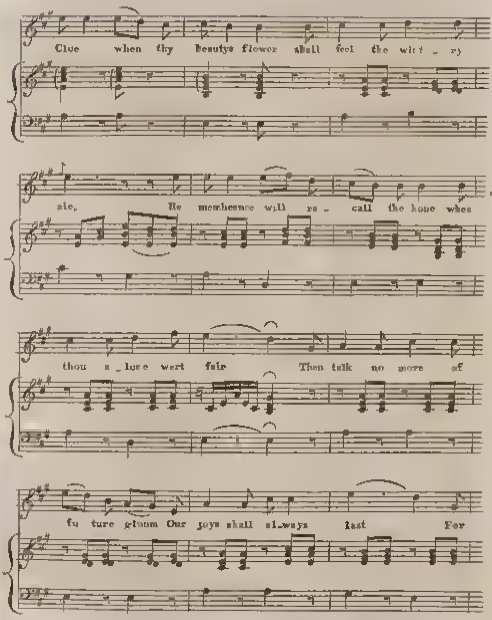
Clue when thy Beautys flower shall feel the wint_ry
sie, Re membrance will re_call the loue when
thou a_lone wert fair Then talk no more of
fu ture gloom Our joys shall al_ways last For

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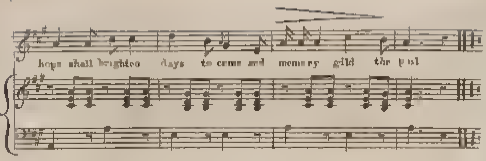

Come Clos fill the genial bowl
I drink to love and thee;
Thy never count decay to soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me!

And as thy lips the tear drop chase
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace—
Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl away with gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come
And memory gild the past!

But mark at thought of future years,
When love shall lose its zest,
My Clos drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of what my fate,
Our loving life shall flock,
Though tears may sometimes mingle there
The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last
For hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

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I heard a Voice from Heavn

Part of the Burial Service

performed in

Westminster Abbey.

on Friday Oct.r 29 1802.

at the Funeral of Sam.l Arnold, Mus. Doc. Comp.r

Organist & Composer to his Majesty & Organist of that Collegiate Church

Composed & Inscribed to his Memory

by

Dr. CALLCOTT.

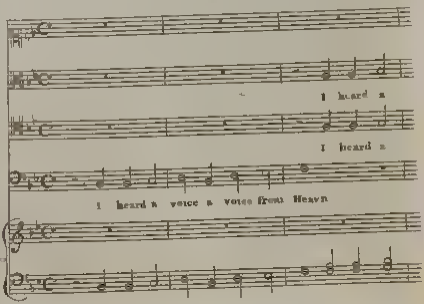
Price

Printed for the Author by R.d Birchall, N.o 133 New Bond Street

Entered at Stat.s Hall

Composed Oct.r 26. 1802.

Published Nov.r 20. 1802



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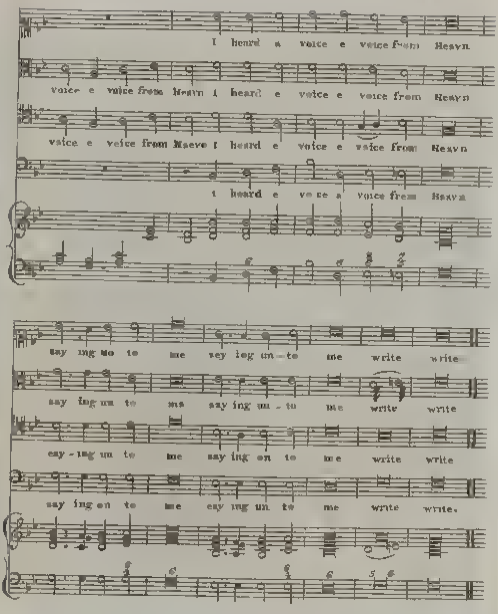
I heard a voice e voice from Heavn
Voice e voice from Heavn I heard e voice e voice from Heavn
voice e voice from Heave I heard e voice e voice from Heavn
I heard e voice a voice from Heavn
say ing un to me ney leg un - to me write write
say ing un to me say ing un - to me write write
say - ing un to me say ing on to me write write
say ing on to me say ing un to me write write.

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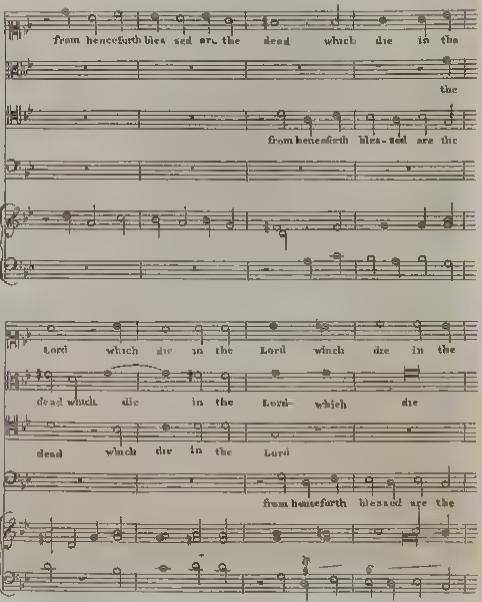
from henceforth blea sed are the dead which die in the
the
from henceforth blea-sed are the
Lord which die in the Lord which die in the
dead which die in the Lord- which die
dead which die in the Lord
from henceforth blessed are the

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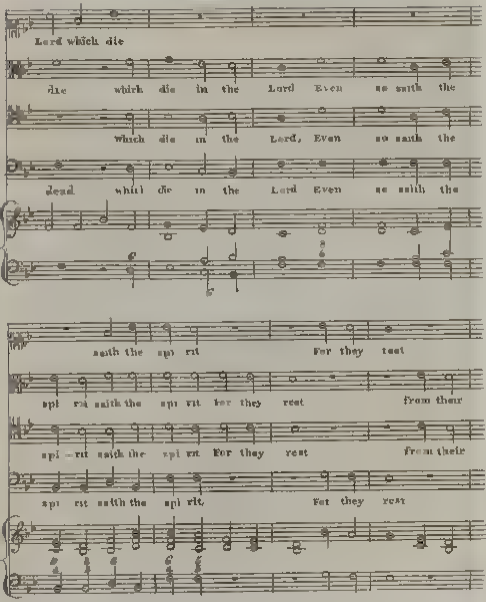
Lord which die
die which die in the Lord Even so saith the
Which die in the Lord, Even so saith the
dead which die in the Lord Even so saith the
saith the spi rit For they rest
spi rit saith the spi rit for they rest from their
spi rit saith the spi rit For they rest from their
spi rit saith the spi rit, For they rest

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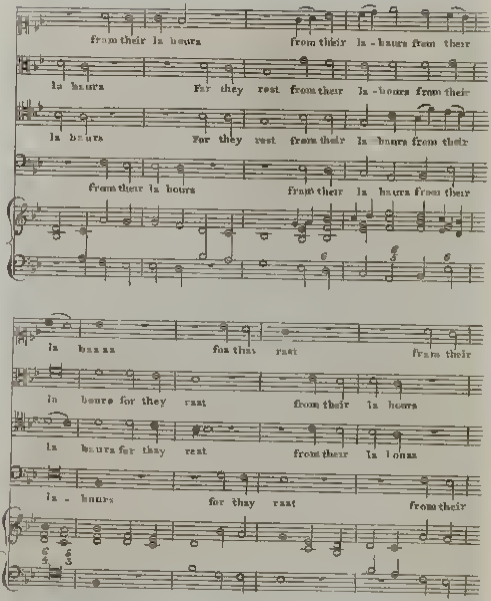
from their la bours
from their la - bours from their
la bours
for they rest from their la - bours from their
la bours
for they rest from their la - bours from their
from their la bours
from their la bours from their
la bours
for thay rest
from their
la bours for they rest
from their la bours
la bours for thay rest
from their la bours
la - bours
for thay rest
from their

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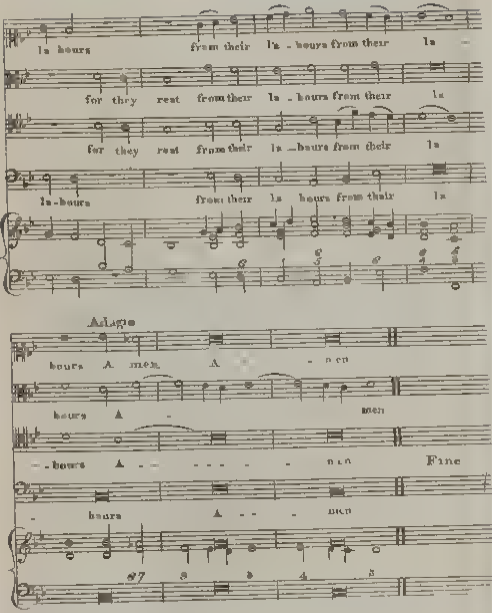
la hours from their la - hours from their la
for they rest from their la - hours from their la
for they rest from their la - hours from their la
la - hours from their la hours from their la
Adagio
hours A men A - men
hours A - men
- hours A - - - - - - men Fine
- hours A - - - men

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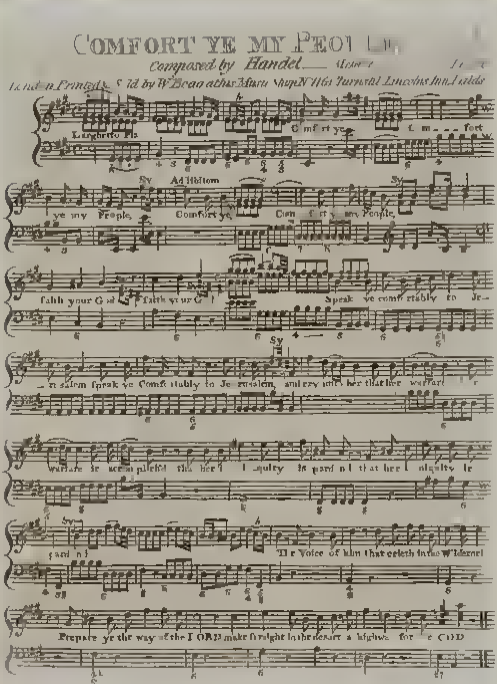
COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE
Composed by Handel
Comfort ye
Larghetto
Ad libitum
ye my People, Comfort ye Com fort ye my People,
Speak ye comfortably to Je
Sy
rusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare
iniquity is pardon'd that her iniquity is
pardon'd
The Voice of him that crieth in the Wilderness
Prepare ye the way of the LORD make straight in the desert a highway for our GOD

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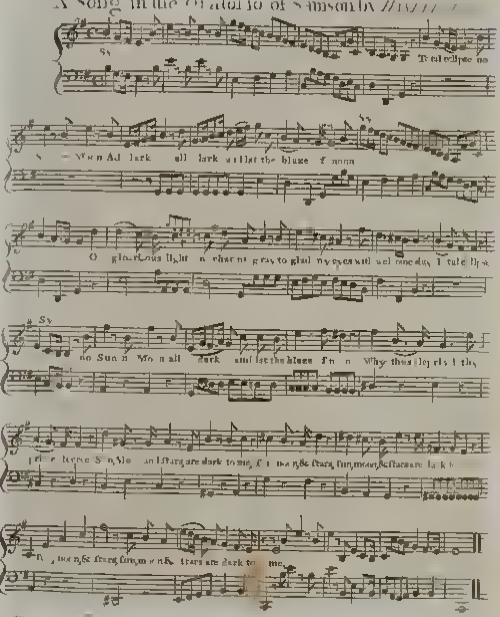
TOTAL ECLIPSE

A Song in the Oratorio of Samson by Handel


Total eclipse no
Sun all dark all dark still dark still after the blaze of noon
O glorious light whose absence grieves to glad my eyes with welcome day I rule Blaze
no Sun no Moon all dark still dark still after the blaze of noon Why thus deprived thy
prime decree Sun Moon still darkness to me Of nights & stars the noon day clear
Nights & stars the noon day clear to me

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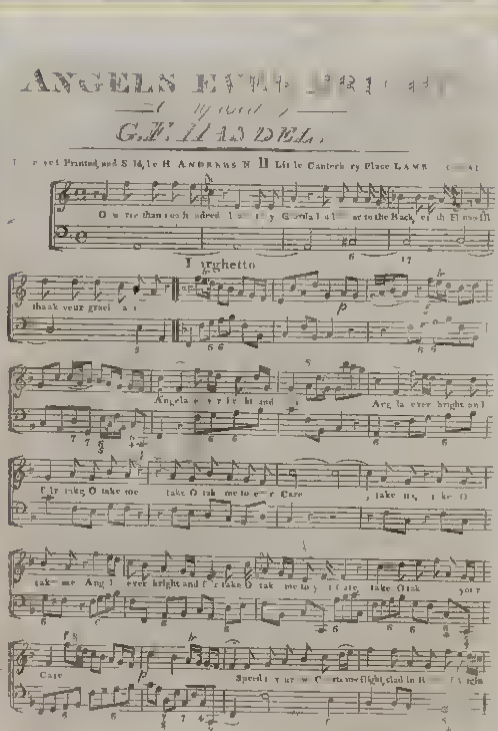
ANGELS EVER BRIGHT
G. F. HANDEL.
Printed and S. H. ANDREWS
Cantreby Place LAMB
O more than ech adored
Angels ever bright and fair
thank your gracious
Angels ever bright and fair
Angels ever bright and
Take me, take O take me to your Care
take me, take O
take me Angels ever bright and fair take O take me to your Care
take O take your
Care
Speed your way Cherubs new flight clad in

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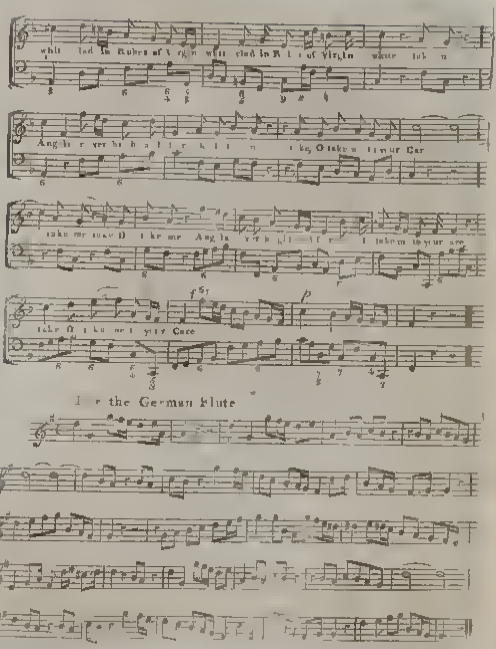

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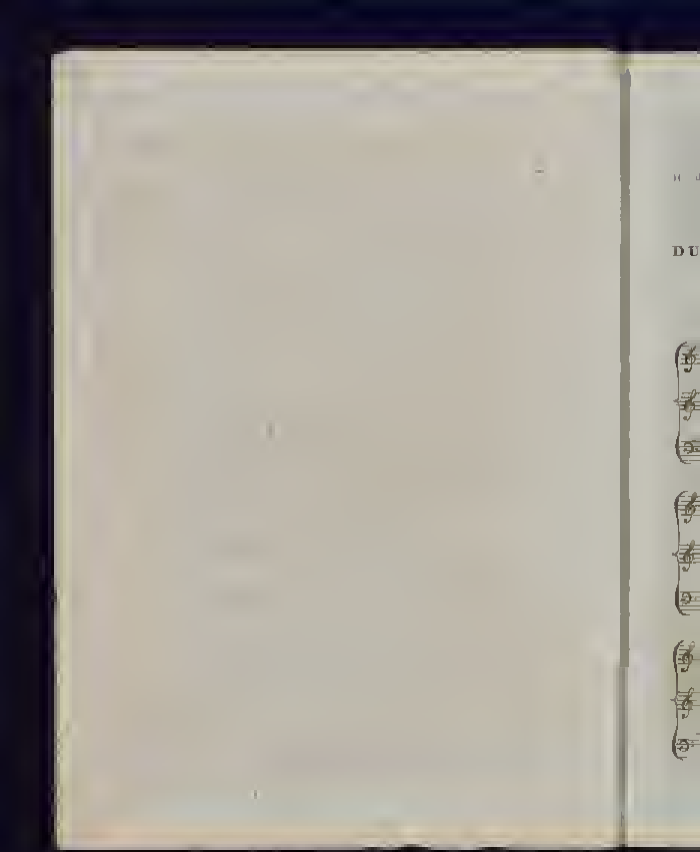

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HAPPY HAPPY WE

Printed for G. WALKER N°106 Great Portland Stre t— Pr.1

Hall

Adam Colston

Presto

DUET

ACIS

Hap py,

GALATEA

Hap py hap py, Happy happy,

happy Hap py, hap py,

we Happy happy happy we Hap py we hap

Happy happy happy we Ha py happy we hap

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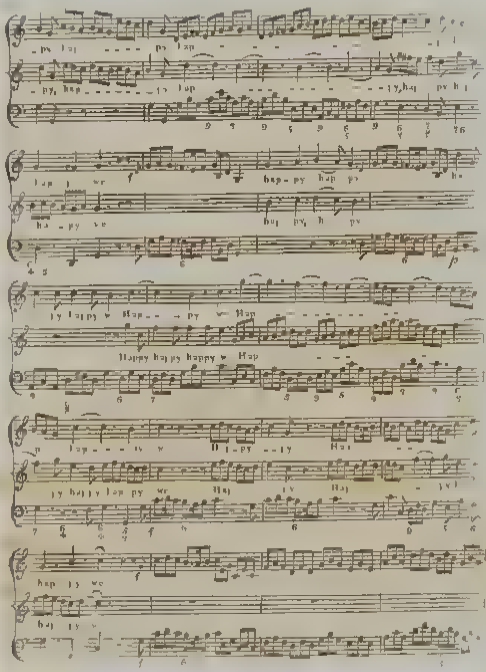

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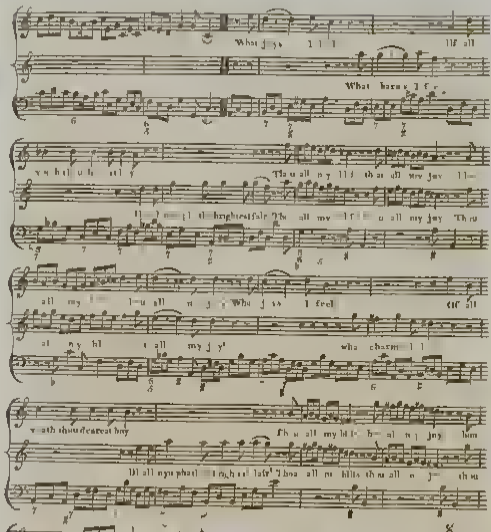
What joys I feel
What harmony I hear
Thou all my life thou all my joy
Thou all my life thou all my joy
all my life thou all my joy
What charms I feel
all my life thou all my joy
Thou all my life thou all my joy
all my life thou all my joy
all my life thou all my joy

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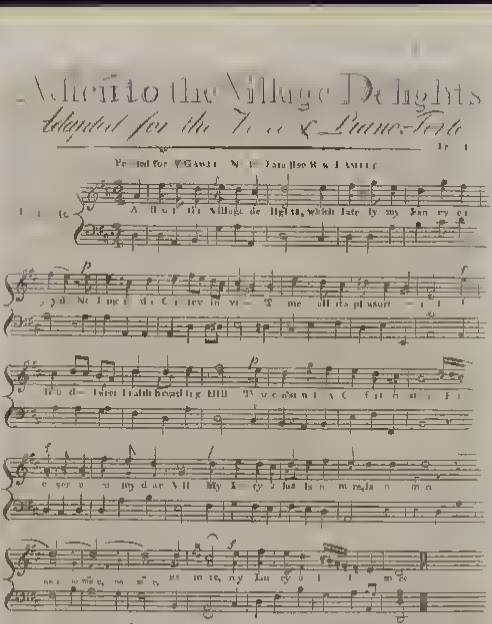
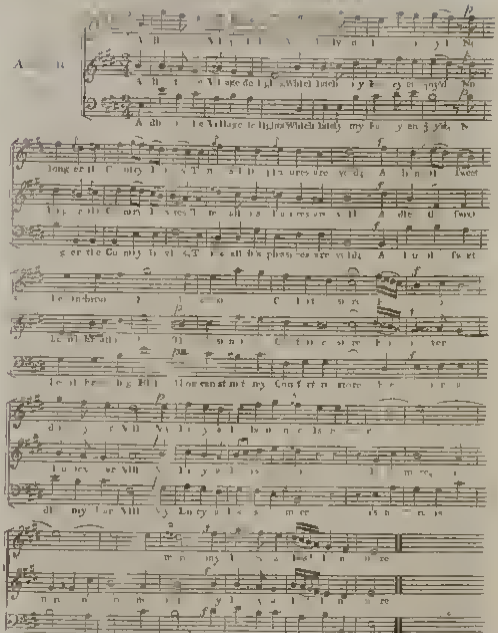

Merrily to the Village Delights
Adapted for the Flute & Piano-Forte



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COME IF YOU DARE

A favorite Air and Chorus

Sung by Mr. Incledon in the

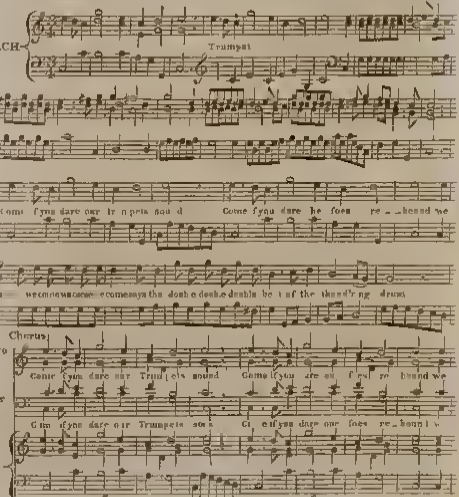
ORATORIOS

At the Theatre Royal Covent Garden

Composed by Henry Purcell

Price

LONDON Printed for G. WALKER at his Music Warehouse 106 Great Portland Street


MARCH
Trumpet
Come if you dare our Trumpets sound Come if you dare the foes re-bound we
we conquer or we come as you the double double beat of the thund'ring drum
Chorus
Canto
Alto
Tenor
Bass
Come if you dare our Trumpets sound Come if you dare our foes re-bound we
Come if you dare our Trumpets sound Come if you dare our foes re-bound we

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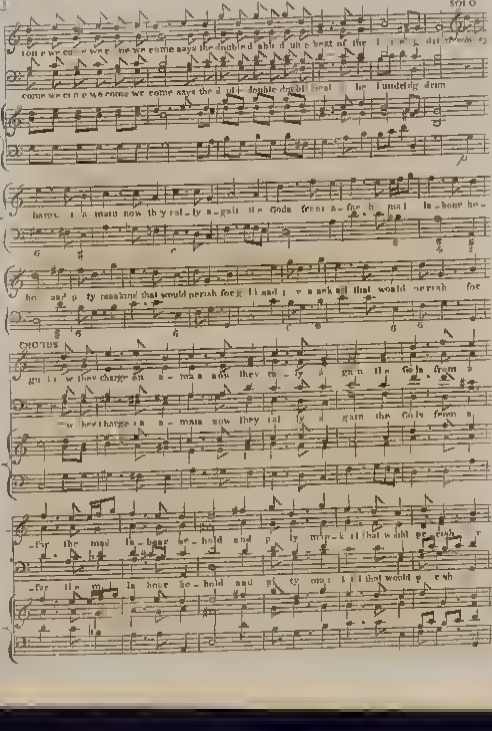

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gold and ty man kind that will ne ver ask for gold
gold and ty man kind that will ne ver ask for gold
faint ing Saxons out their ground trum pets augh in the
sound they fly they fly they fly the fly vic to ry vic to ry they hold Bri tons cry
ry The faint ing Saxons out their ground the trum pets laugh in the
The faint ing Saxons out their ground th trumpets laugh in the
sound they fly they fly they fly vic to ry vic to ry they hold Bri tons cry
sound they fly they fly they fly vic to ry vic to ry they hold Bri tons cry

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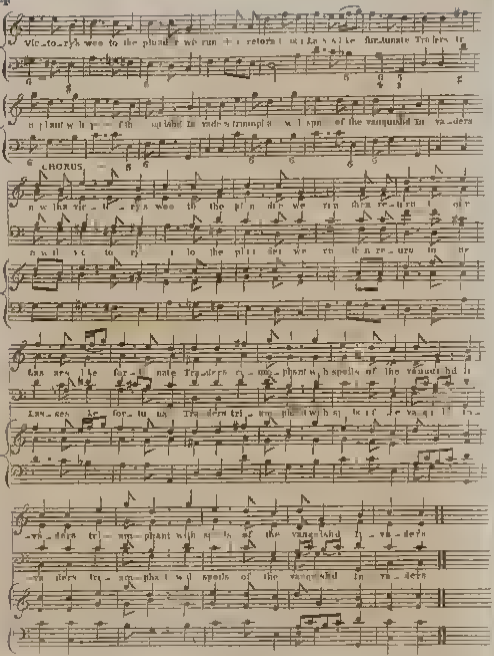
Victory's wee to the plund'r we run + return in triumph we bring the fortunate Trojans in
in triumph we bring the fortunate Trojans in triumph we bring of the vanquish'd in Va-dera
CHORUS
now the victory's wee to the plun-der we run then return in triumph we bring
now the victory's wee to the plun-der we run then return in triumph we bring
the fortunate Trojans triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd in Va-dera
the fortunate Trojans triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd in Va-dera
Va-dera triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd in Va-dera
Va-dera triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd in Va-dera

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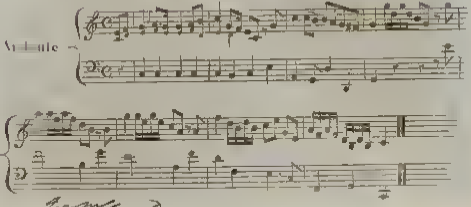
VARIETY.



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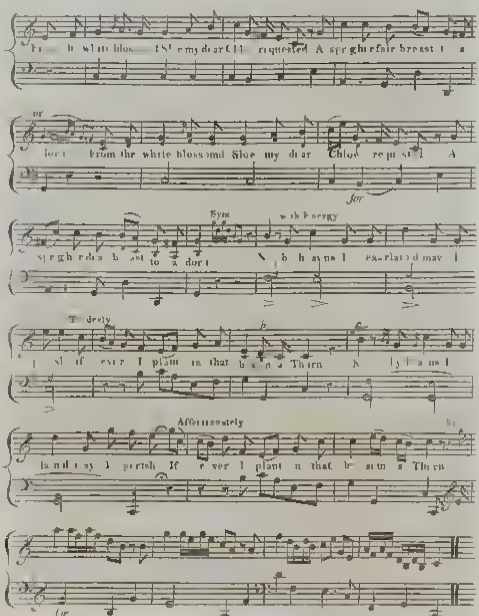

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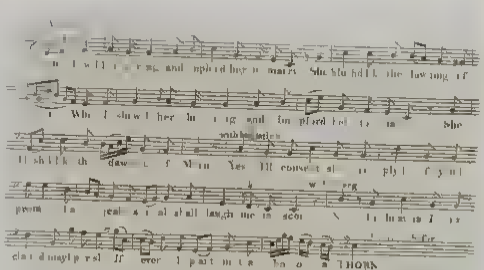
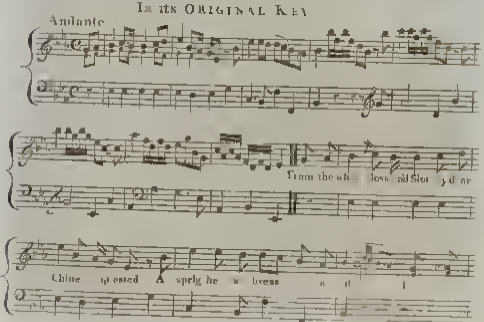


The Thorn

In its Original Key



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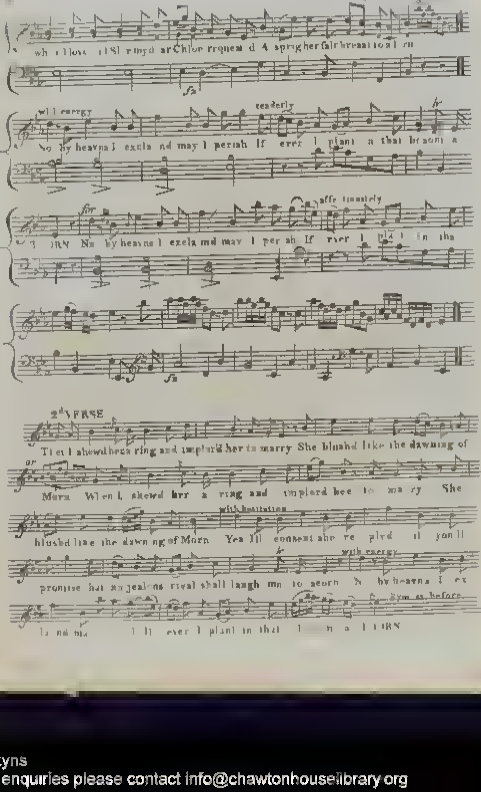
wh illows ilst rmpd ar Chlor rroneu d A sprigherfair breanatioal ru
tenderly
will energy
No by heavna I excla nd may I perish If ever I plant a that bream a
affectionately
No by heavna I excla md may I per sh If ever I plid I in tha
2d VERSE
Then I shewd heea ring and implor'd her to marry She blushd like the dawning of
Morn When I shewd her a ring and implord hee to ma ry She
with hesitation
blushd like the dawn ng of Morn Yes I'll consent she re plyd if you'll
with energy
promise but no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn No by heavna I ex
Dim as before
la ma tio I'll ever I plant in that I n a I URN

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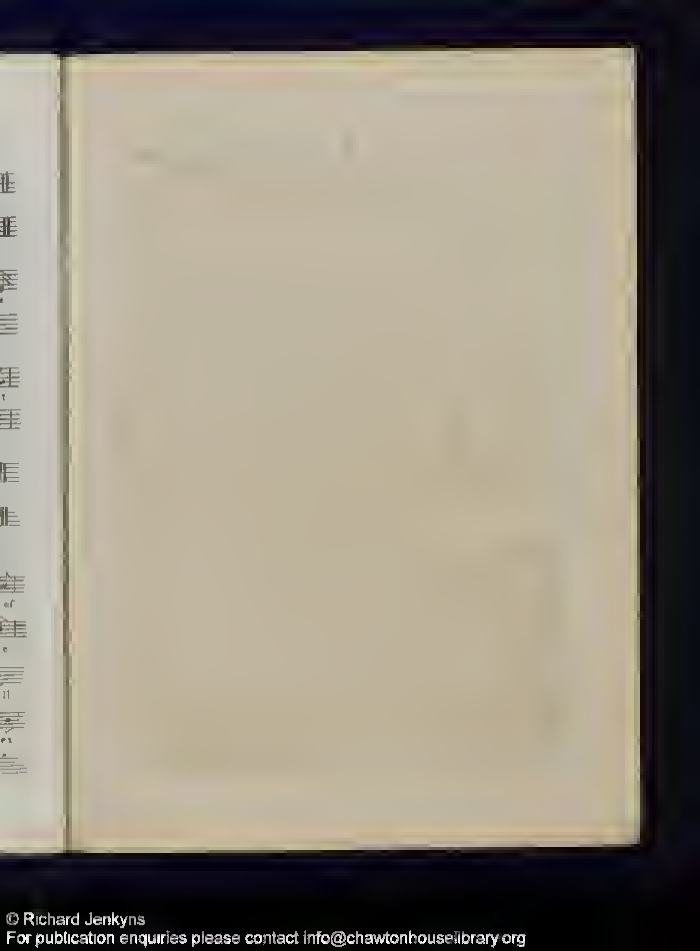

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Nobody coming to Marry me

A FAVORITE AIR

Sung by

MRS JORDAN,

with unbounded Applause at the

Theatre Royal Drury Lane

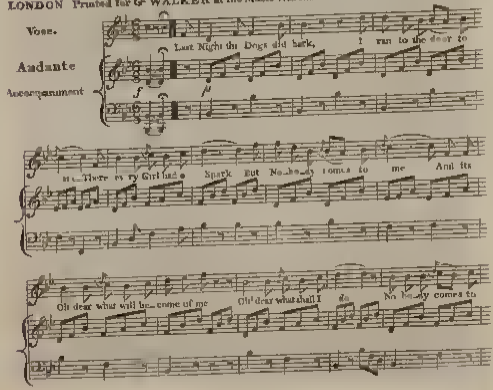
Arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte

by

T Cooke

Price 1s

LONDON Printed for G. WALKER at his Music Warehouse 106 Great Portland Street


Voice.
Andante
Accompaniment
Last Night the Dogs did bark, I ran to the door to
see There is my Garland & Spark But Nobody comes to me And its
Oh dear what will become of me Oh! dear what shall I do Nobody comes to

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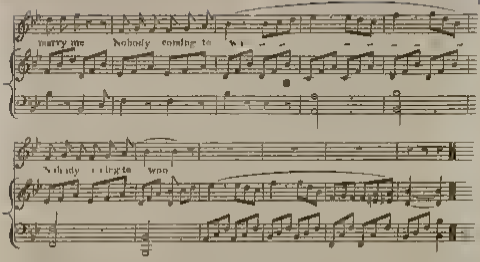

2

My Father's an honest old Farmer
My Mother can bake and spin,
I am a pretty young Girl,
But Money comes slowly in
And its Oh dear &c

3

Some tell me I'm pretty and fair
Some call me haity and shy,
Some tell me that I have no beware,
But Nobody tells me why
And its Oh dear &c

4

Oh me would an handsome Youth
But take me at once for Life,
I'd pledge him my word and truth
To make him a faithful Wife
And its Oh-dear &c

FLAGEOLET or FLUTE

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Remember me from Don Raphael Composed by W Walker – 1s

The Pilgrim Boy – B♭ – D – 1

Blooming Virgins – D – D♭ – 1

Go gentle Sigh from the Siege of Rhodes – D – 1

Y Maidens fair – D♭ – D – 1

Let them awake – E♭ – D♭ – D♭ – 1

I'll Native by Walker – elegantly engraved – 1 6

Six English Ballads Op 3 Composed by W F Crouch

How pleasing when the sun descends
Retire to me my Anna cried
Can I forget
Why waves the banner
A Knight in armour green
At Chloes step the meads – 7 6

Glee

O Nanny wilt thou gang with me

Harmonized by

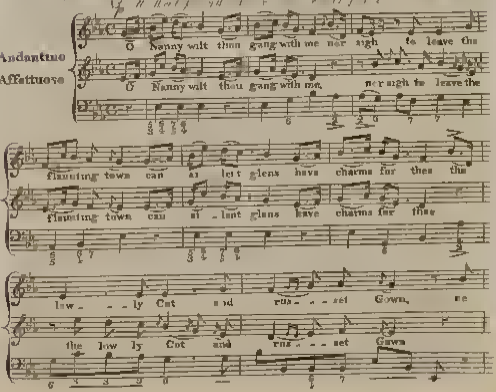
KING'S CONCERTS

by

W^m Bellingham

at the Hanover Rooms

Thomas Cooke


Andantino
Affettuoso
O Nanny wilt thou gang with me nor sigh to leave the
O Nanny wilt thou gang with me, nor sigh to leave the
flaunting town can ay let glens have charms for thee the
flaunting town can ay lent glens have charms for thee
low ly Cot and rus set Gown, no
the low ly Cot and rus set Gown

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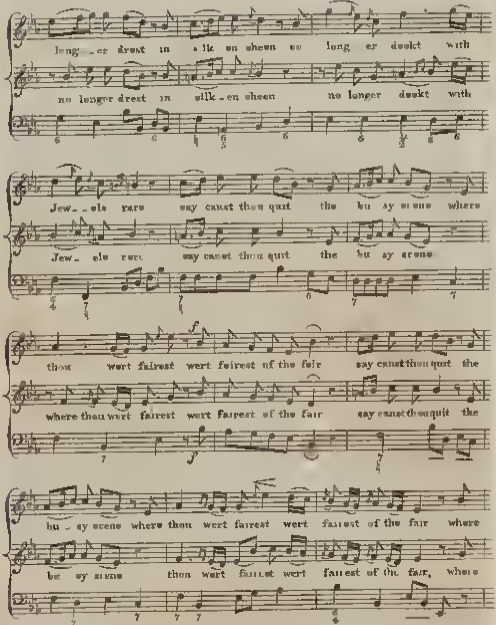
2


long er dreat in silk en sheen no long er deakt with
no longer dreat in silk en sheen no longer deakt with
Jew ele rare say canst thou quit the bu sy scene where
Jew ele rare say canst thou quit the bu sy scene
thou wert fairest wert fairest of the fair say canst thou quit the
where thou wert fairest wert fairest of the fair say canst thou quit the
bu sy scene where thou wert fairest wert fairest of the fair where
be sy scene thou wert fairest wert fairest of the fair, where

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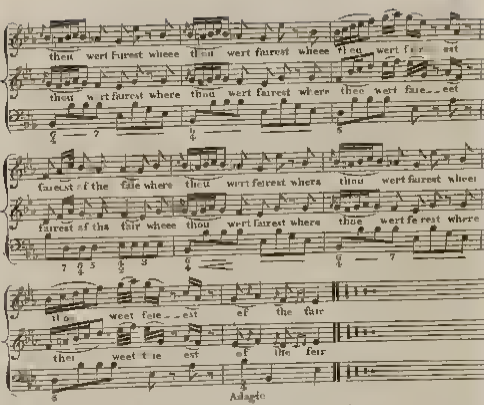
thou wert fairest where thou wert fairest where thou wert fair est
thou wert fairest where thou wert fairest where thou wert fair est
fairest of the fair where thou wert fairest where thou wert fairest where
fairest of the fair where thou wert fairest where thou wert fairest where
thou weet faie est of the fair
thou weet faie est of the fair
Adagio

2

O Nanny when the art far ewa
Wilt thou not eeet a wish behind
Say eaest thou fare the Heav enew
Noe shrink before the werping wind
O can thet soft and gentle mien
Reveeent heedish ps lenee te hear
Nor sad regret each courtly eeene,
Where thou wert fairest of the Faie!

3

O Nanny eanst thou love so weel
Thro' perils keen with me to go
Or when thy Sware mishap shall know,
To share with him tha pang of woe
And when invedieg pame baffill
Wilt thou assume the Nurses eare?
Nor wishful these gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair

4

And when at last thy Love shall e
Wilt tha receive his parting Breath?
Wilt thou repeees each strug gling sigh?
And sheer with anuive the Bed of death
And wilt thou, nee his mech loud clay
Steew Flowers, and drop tha tender tene!
Noe then regret these scenes se gay
Where thou weet fairest of the Faie

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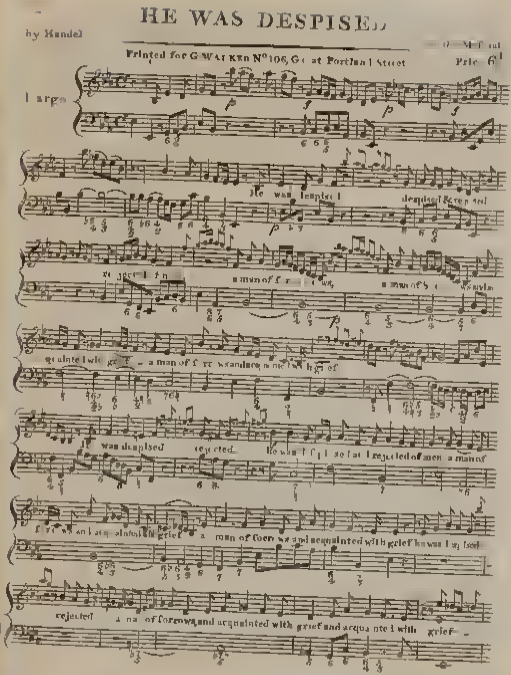

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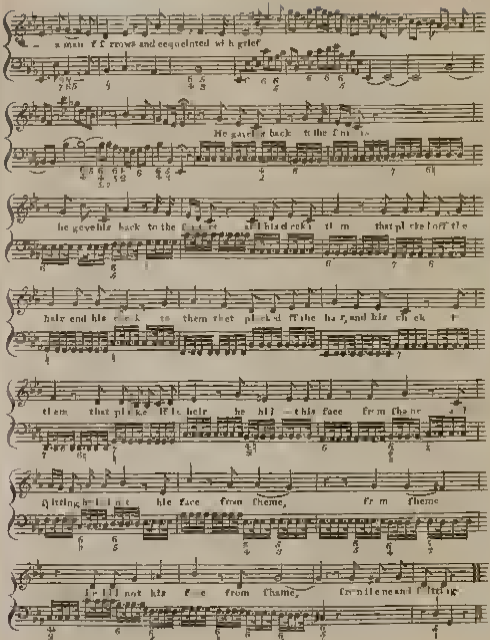
a man ff crowned and eequelnted with grief
He gave it back to the fair
he gave it back to the fair all his reek'ning from that pleasure
hair and his cheek to them that plack'd it the hair and his cheek
them that pluck'd it he hair he hid this face from shame
Hiding his light his face from shame, from shame
He will not his face from shame, from shame and sitting

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THE CHANTREUSE.

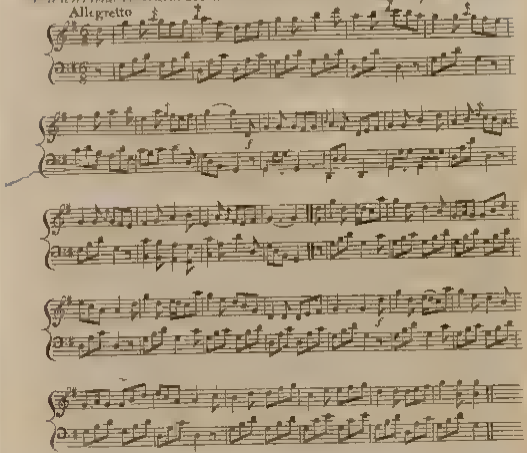
Arranged as a Rondo for the

Piano Forte

BY Mr. LATOUR.

Entered at Stationers Hall. Price 3/6 Bland & Weller's Music Warehouse, No. 23 Oxford Street

Allegretto



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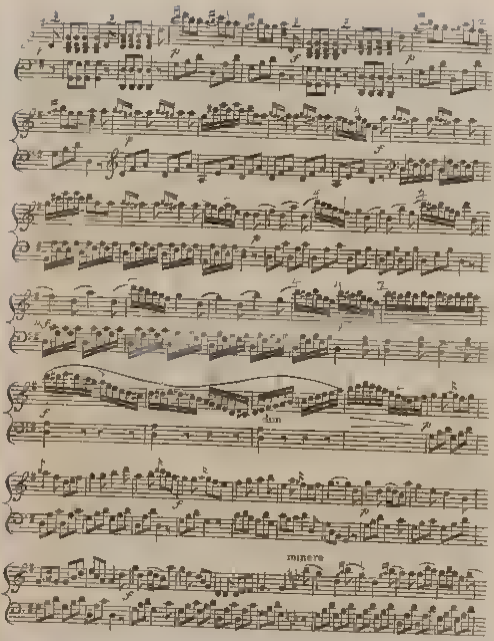

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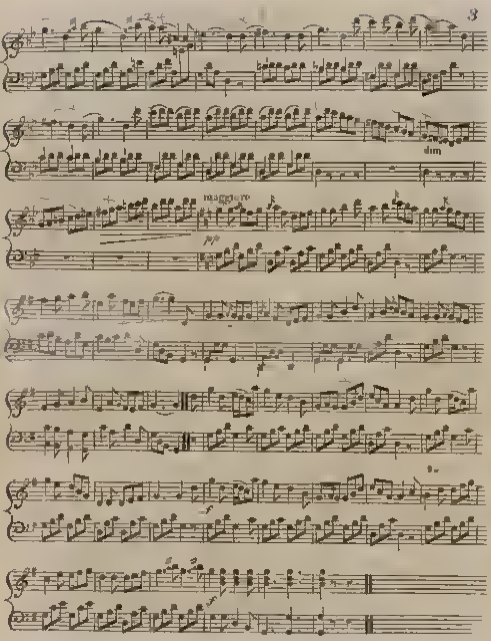

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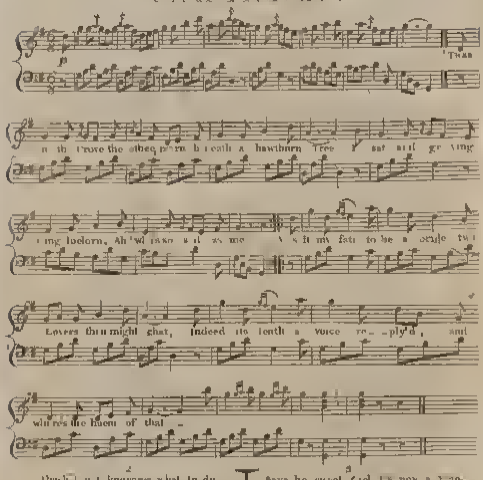
WHERE'S THE HEART OF THAT

[illegible]

CANTABILE.


'Twas
neath the grove the abbey pears breath a hawthorn Tree
sat still ge ving
ing lovlorn, Ah! woe was me
was it my fate to be a single
Lovers thou might chat, indeed it seem'd a voice re-plyd, and
whi'es the queen of that

2

Amaz'd not knowing what to do,
I bid her good morrow,
But she in this cause appeard in woe,
With tears my heart relieving
Twas Honey who had lov'd me long,
Her mouth gold all his hair,
Unkind he proud then to this song
Alas the harm of that

3

Says he, sweet Girl, I'm now a time,
Since we agreed to wed
Come let us hen to Church my dear
And be my Bride he said
Indeed he look'd and spoke so kind
And Church was by so pat,
That to the took me to the end
And there's the harm of it

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YO HEAVE HO.

— written & composed by —

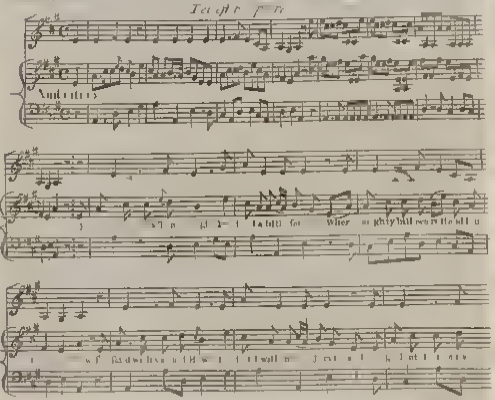
Mr DIBDIN,

and Sung by him

in his 3rd Entertainment

— called —

A TOUR TO THE LAND'S END



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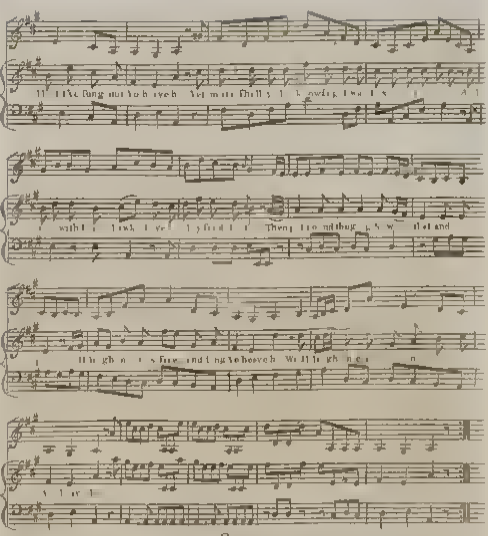

2

Will I learn my love to quit Hurl weighted Anchor
And forever sail adown the beach Where
I'll think I could my fair one Protecting by the hand I think
Will I ought my fair one will and Never
Set Nellie ought I love the girl
And leave a first father of the
I'll think to night when I'm Where
And I stand the Captain
Ask I'll
I the

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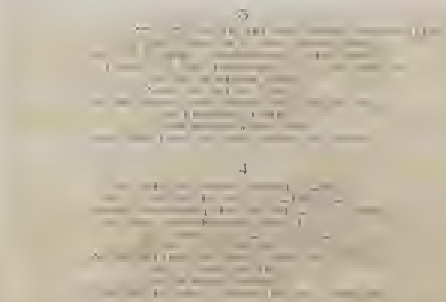
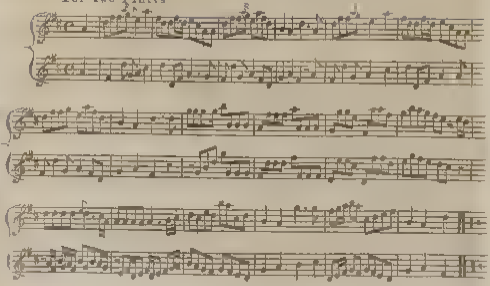


for two Flutes



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VARIETY,

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Musician in Ordinary to His Majesty

The Words by Mr. Dimond.

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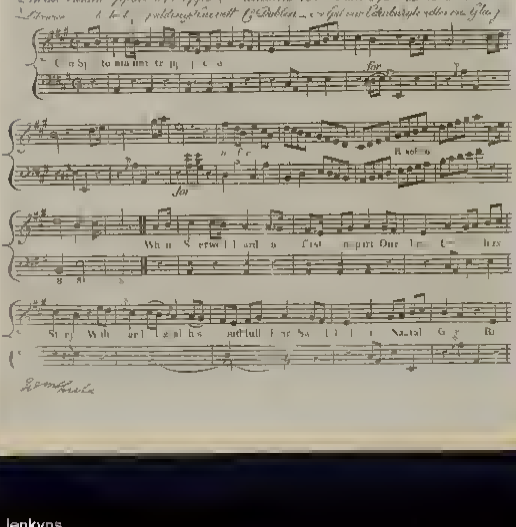
Easy to manage the Helm
for
Rose
Jib
When Cerwell and his first support Our Enemies
Steer With Gentleness and full Sail Natal Glory

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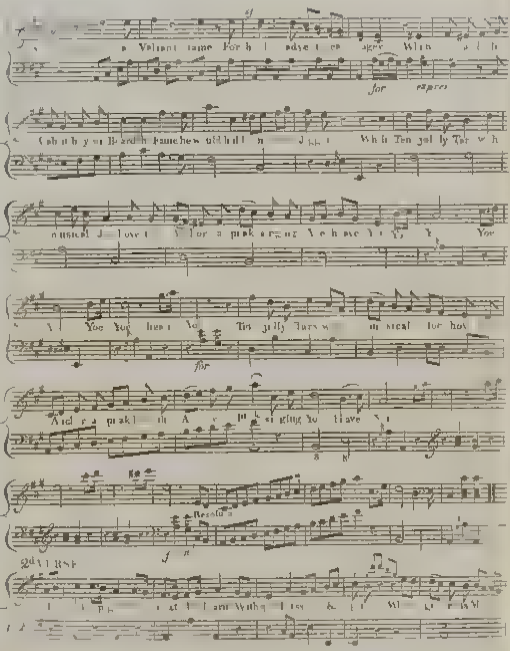

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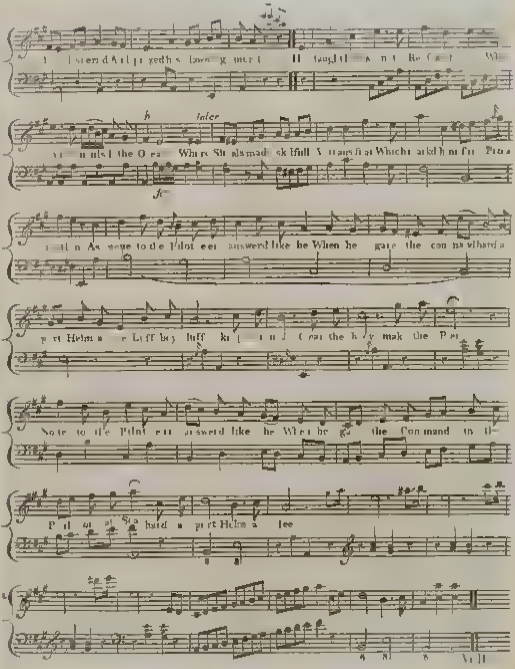

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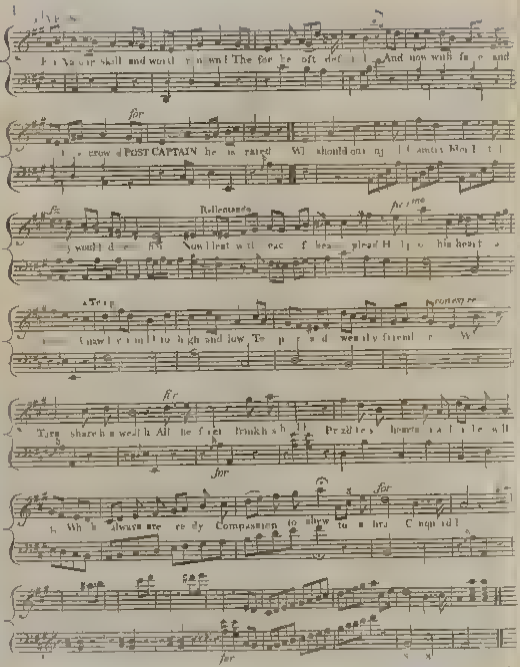

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"In the rough blast heaves the Billow" 1

as Sung by

Mr. Jordan

at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane in the

COMEDY of FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

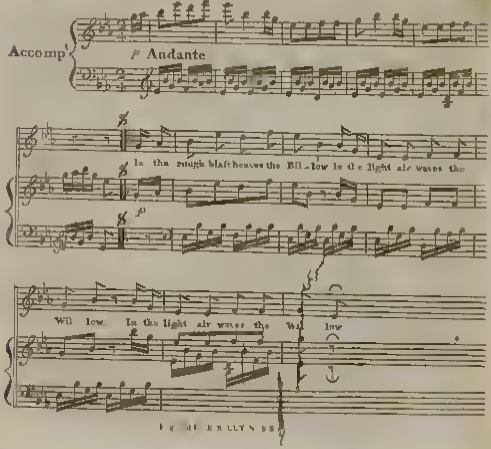
Composed by

M. KELLY.

with Accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Harp

Price 1

Published by Preston at his New Musical Library & Wholesale Warehouse No 97 Strand



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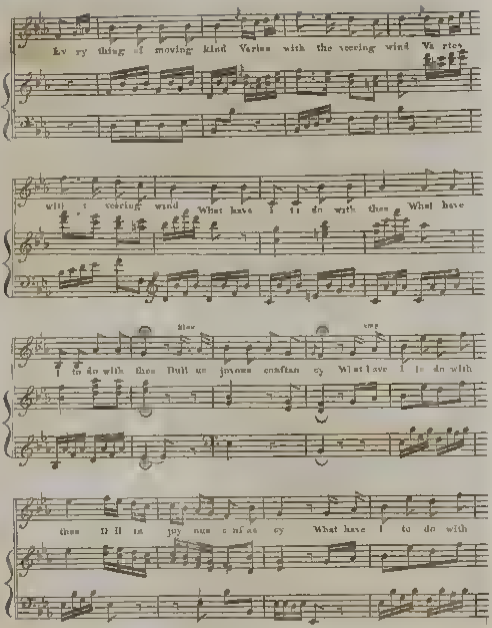
Ev ry thing if moving kind Varius with the veering wind Va ries
with the veering wind What have I to do with thee What have
to do with thee Dull un joyous craftan cy What have I to do with
thee Dull un joyous craftan cy What have I to do

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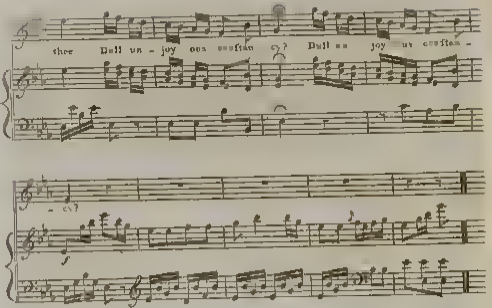

3

After frotted pouting sorow
Sweeter is the smile t' morrow
Fairing fill each chargeful thing
Faieuft is upon the wing
What have I to do with thee
Dull vnioyous vnsiancy?

3

Rainbow tale and fatius witty
Sprightly glee and deleful ditty
Measur'd fighe and roundeley,
Welcome all that do not flay
For what have I to do with thee
Dull vnioyous vnsiancy?

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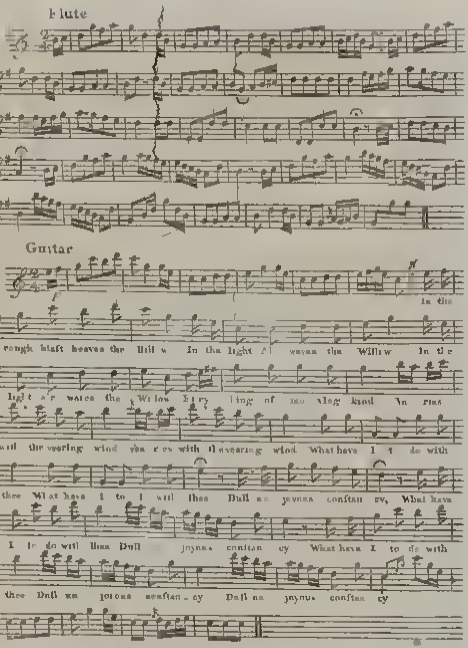
Flute
Guitar
In the
rough blaft heavens the Ihill w In the light f weavn the Willow In the
light air waves the Willow Fairy ling of mo vlag knot In rins
wild the roaring wind the cr es with the roaring wind What have I to do with
thee What have I to I will thou Dull an joyous conftan cy, What have
I to do will thou Dull joyous conftan cy What have I to do with
thee Dull an joyous conftan cy Dull an joyous conftan cy

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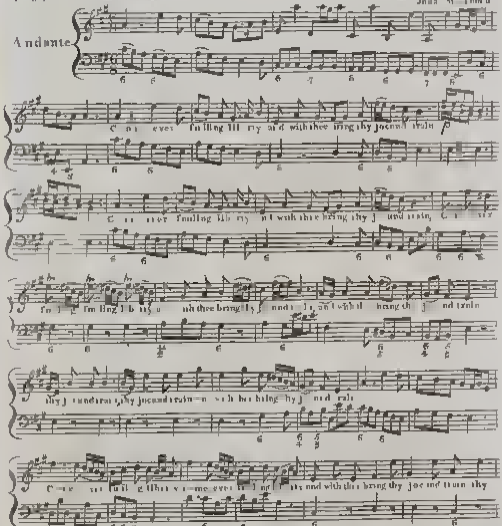
Come ever smiling liberty and with thee bring thy jocund train
Come ever smiling liberty and with thee bring thy jocund train
Come ever smiling liberty and with thee bring thy jocund train
thy jocund train thy jocund train with thee bring thy jocund train
Come ever smiling liberty and with thee bring thy jocund train
jocund jocund train and with thee bring thy jocund train

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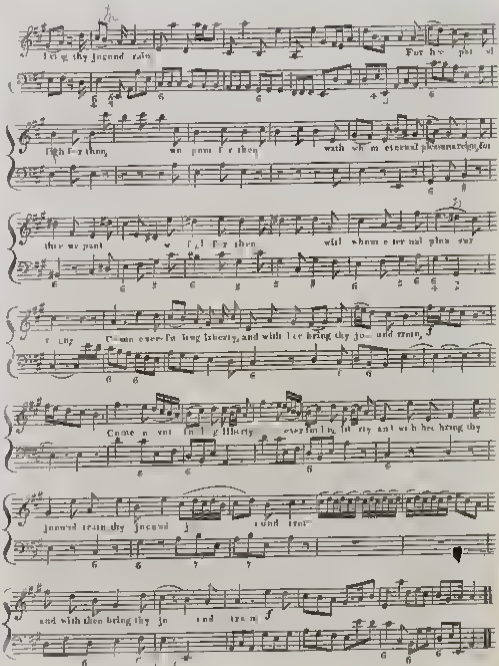
For thee this
With thee
with whom eternal pleasure reigns for
thee we pant
For thee
with whom ever
Come ever-living liberty, and with her bring thy
Come o ver living liberty,
everything lit rly ant with her bring thy
joyous train thy jocund
round trip
and with them bring thy jo
and train

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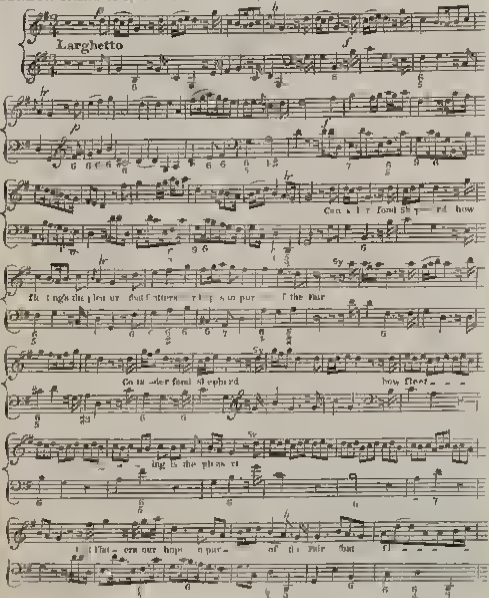
LONDON Printed for G. WALKER at his Music Warehouse 108 Great Portland Street



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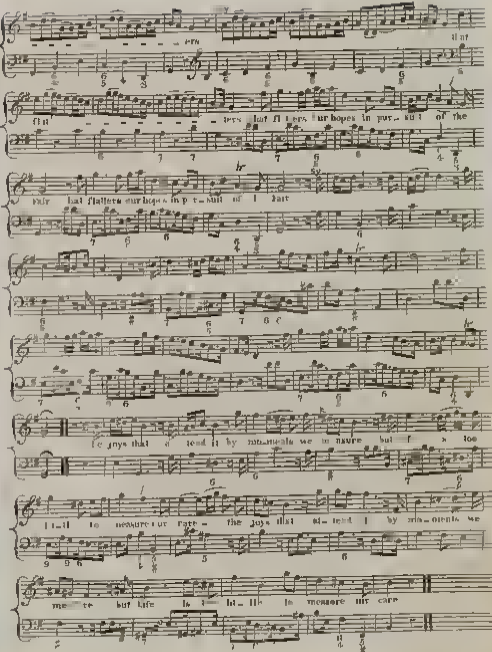
ters but flatters our hopes in pur_ suit of the
that flatters our hopes in pur_ suit of the
joys that a_ lead it by mo_ments we to nature but
to measure our fate_ the joys that a_ lead it by mo_ments we
me_ te but life to be_ to measure our

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MAID OF LODI.

A Favorite Ballad

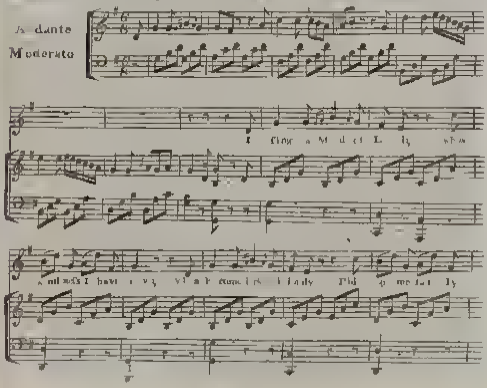
with an Accompaniment for the

HARP OR PIANO FORTE

The Music adapted by W. Thirdd

Written by Dibdin

Printed and Sold by J. Andrews, No. 11 Little Castle Street Holborn



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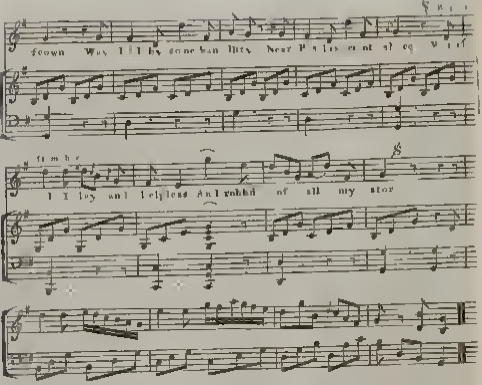

2

When this fair Maid of Ida,
Quite from the nelghbring Fair
And new and bleeding,
And sighs in despair
Shall come to my cottage,
And tell me in her Cottage,
Who 'tis of tender geist.

3

My wife with care she hides,
My heart with wins she'll cevil
And hear attention
In a humble approach
within her lowly dwelling
Content for ever smiles,
Some rural rustic lilty-
Faith let me hear these tales

4

Art may attempt describing
What charms adorn her face
Her minds transcendant beauties
No tongue it ever can trace
And when this Maid of Ida
Shall change her single state
The happy Youth she marries
No I envy not the great

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'Go and Sin no More

A Sacred Song Sung by Mrs Crouch

Written by

Thomas Moore Esq.

Composed by

M. Kelly.

Entered at Stat. Hall

And Published by the Author, 132 Pall Mall & have may be had at the Opera & Ballets of the Principal Music & the works of the most Approved Composers.

VOICE

PIANO FORTE

LARGHETTO

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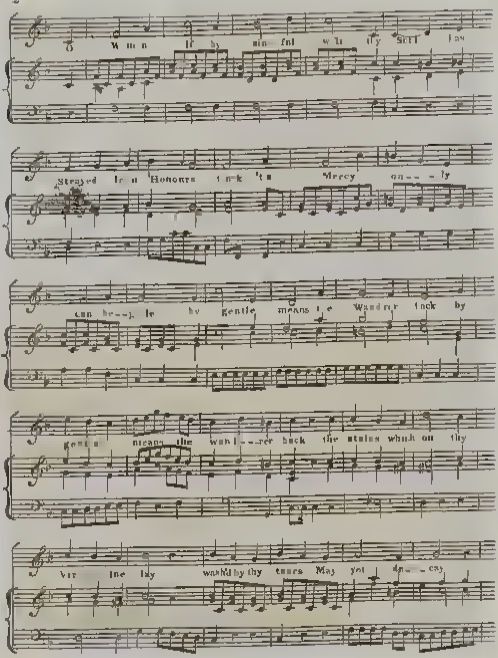
When thy sinful wife thy suit shall
Strayed from Honours track to Mercy
can be - guile by gentle means the Wanderer back by
gentle means the wanderer back the stains which on thy
vir tue lay wash'd by thy tears May yet dis - play

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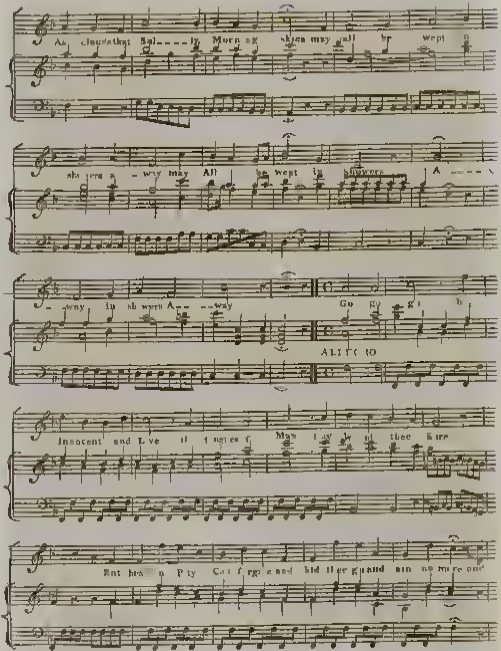
As clouds that Sail - - - ly Morn ing when may all be wept in
showers may All be wept in showers A - - -
- way, In sh wers A - - - way
ALLEGRO
Innocent and Love ly Images of Man I saw in thee Sire
But hea n Pity Cal l'd e'gle and bid Her grand sin no more en

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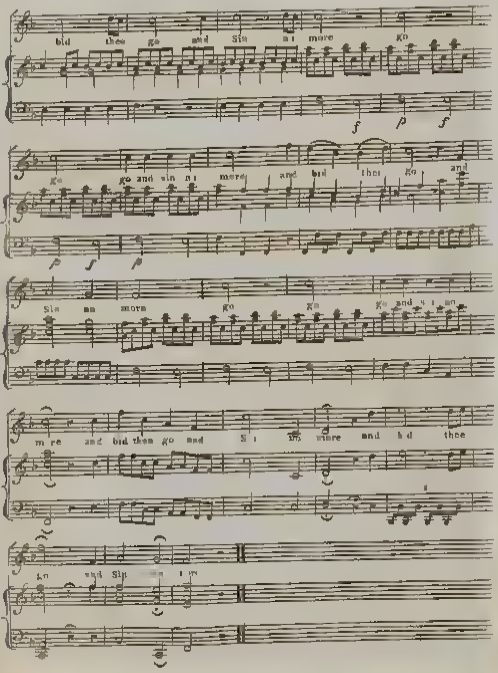
bid thee go and Sin no more
go and sin no more and bid thee go and
Sin no more go go and sin no
more and bid them go and Sin no more and bid thee
go and sin no

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One half of the World dont know how tother lives

Sung by Mrs Jquum with

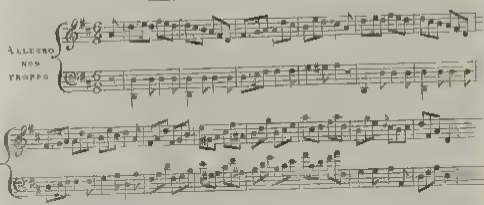
the most unbounded applause at

Vauxhall.

Composed by Mr. HOOK.

And the Wind by the Author of the Soldiers Return.

London Printed by Clementi Banger Hyde Collard & Davis 26 Cheapside



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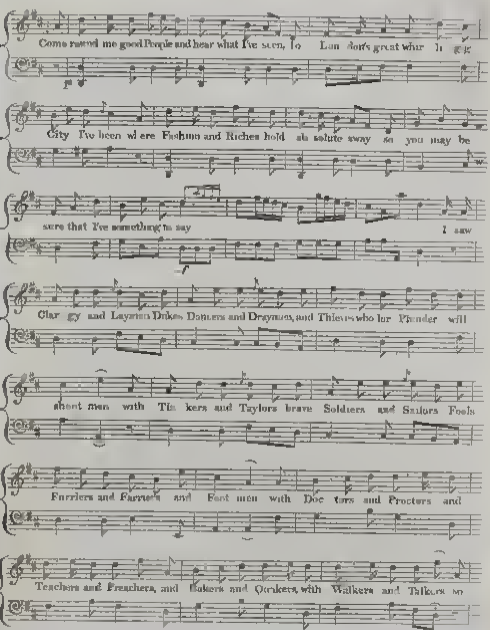
Come round me good People and hear what I've seen, In Lon don's great whir lig
City I've been where Fashion and Riches hold ab solute sway so you may be
sure that I've something to say I saw
Clar gy and Laymen Dukes Dancers and Draymen, and Thieves who lur Plunder will
about men with Tin kers and Taylors brave Soldiers and Sailors Fools
Furriers and Farriers and Fast men with Doc tors and Proctors and
Teachers and Preachers, and Bakers and Cookers, with Walkers and Talkers so

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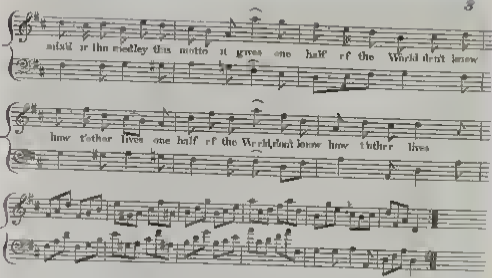
mixd ar the medley this motto it gives one half of the World dont know
how t'other lives one half of the World dont know how t'other lives

2

The Lady of Fashion her Breakfast is sipping
While Rustics so rural in Dunnee are tripping
And Lawyers in London their poor Clients fleece
While Farmers far distant are plucking their geese
With Doctors sleek churn
Are looking for lawn
Happy men who make Wigs for the Ladies
With some who make Lockets
Pert Prigs who pick Pockets
And some who cant tell what their trade is
With Tinkers Tree thinkers
And men who write Papers
Droll Jokers Stock Brokers
And men who cut Capers
Sir mixt is the Medley this motto it gives
One half of the World dont know how t'other lives

3

While the Mounsiers in Paris of Emperors Roast
Confusion to Frenchmen in London the toast
For while Gallic Invaders dare threaten John Bull
John moans with the Frenchmen to have a strong pull
Win it they row they are coming
We think they are humming
But should they wrill struggle I trust hard
For if they try hug
They'll find us too strong
Since our brave Volunteers are all mustered
We sting em like Hornets
With Colonels and Cwarts
We'll gain three cheers
With our brave Volunteers
Such diff'rent complements this motto still gives
One half of the World dont know how t'other lives

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ELLEN:

The Richmond Primrose Girl;

AS SUNG BY Mr. INGLEDON;

with universal applause

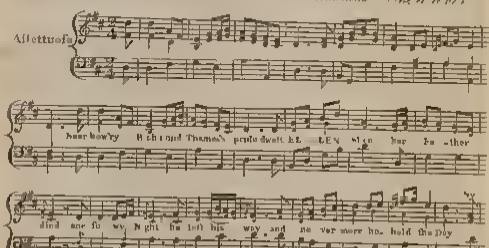
At the Public Readings For Queen's Hall.

Without Mr Braham's leave

The Music by Reginald Spofforth

[illegible] Dec 18

[illegible] Published by Francis Linley at his Music Warehouse No 8 Hay.


Affettuoso
Sweet lowly Richmond Thames's pride Sweet ELLEN was her Father
died ere fo wy Night fo fell his way and ne ver were he hold the Ply
Two Infant Boys around her Mother cling and

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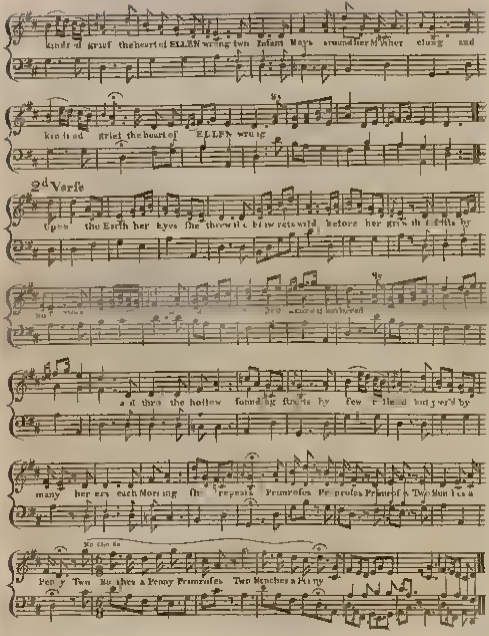
kindr'd grief the heart of ELLEN wring two Infant Mays around her Mother clung and
kindred grief the heart of ELLEN wring
2d Verse
Upon the Earth her eyes she threw & Primroses wild before her grew & Cuckoo by
and
a far thro the hollow found he flowrs by few & Filled her yarn by
many her cry each Morning fit Primroses Primroses Primroses Two Shillings a
Penny Two Bushes a Penny Primroses Two Bunches a Penny

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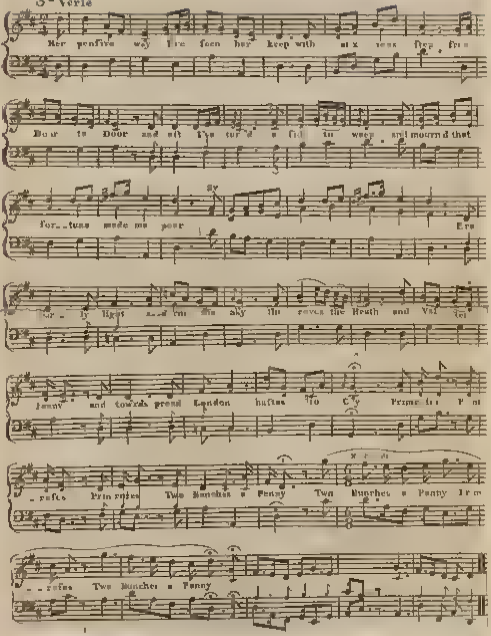
3d Verse
Her pensive way I've seen her keep with anxious step fro
Door to Door and sit Eyes turn'd full to weep and mourn that
For_tune made me poor Ere
_ ly light and run the sky the rover the Heath and Val
Jenny and towrds proud London hastes To Cry Primroses a
_ roses Primroses Two Bunches a Penny Two Bunches a Penny Pri
_ roses Two Bunches a Penny

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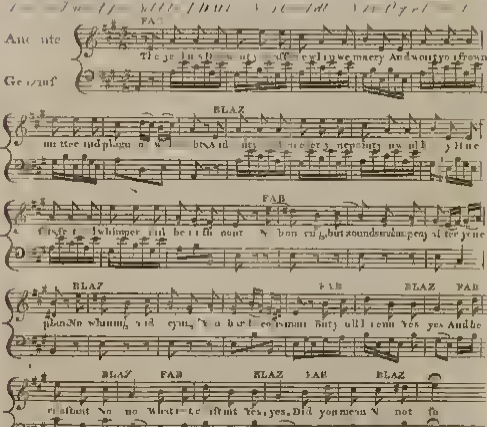
FAB
Andante
Tre je lus sh ny ff ex la ve mery And wou ry o frown
Ge zuf
BLAZ
mi tree ned plain n w bNA id ny ger z ner ny ny ild) Hue
FAB
Ch ch r I whimper rill be r ll h noin N bon ril, burt ounderskin peq sl ter yine
BLAZ FAB BLAZ FAB
plan No whunn, vid cyns, Y u hurt co nnan hity ull I cnin Yes yes And he
BLAZ FAB BLAZ FAB BLAZ
r sathat N no Wrstr te ifnnt Yes, yes, Did you mean N not fa

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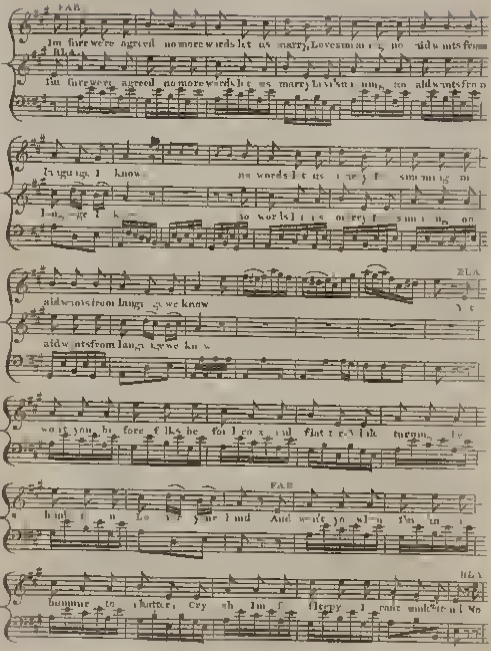
FAB
Im sure we're agreed no more words let us marry, Lovesmart ing, no aldwntsfrom
Im sure we're agreed no more words let us marry, Lovesmart ing, no aldwntsfrom
In ugning I know no words let us marry for smarting no
I no ge I k no words let us marry for smarting no
ELIA
aldwntsfrom laugh ng we know
aldwntsfrom laugh ng we know
wait you be fore I like be for I ex cuse that re fuse I like to ex cuse
FAB
hum I no Lo ver's mind And wait you when this in
ELIA
hammer in chatter, cry oh I'm for clergy I want wife in it No

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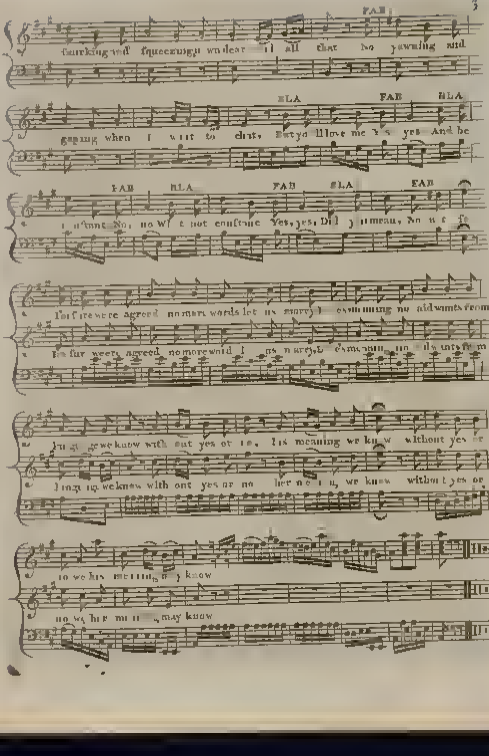
FAB
quarking and squeeaugh wonder all that no yawning and
ELA FAB ELA
gaping when I want to chat. Eat yo I love me yes yes And be
FAB ELA FAB ELA FAB
I meane No, no We'l not confuse Yes, yes Did you mean, No no
But if we were agreed no more words let us marry Examining no advantes from
For fur wee're agreed, no more wrid Let us marry Examining no this unto
Just as we know with out yes or no. Its meaning we know without yes or
Jingle we know with out yes or no her me an, we know without yes or
to we his meaning we know
no we his meaning may know

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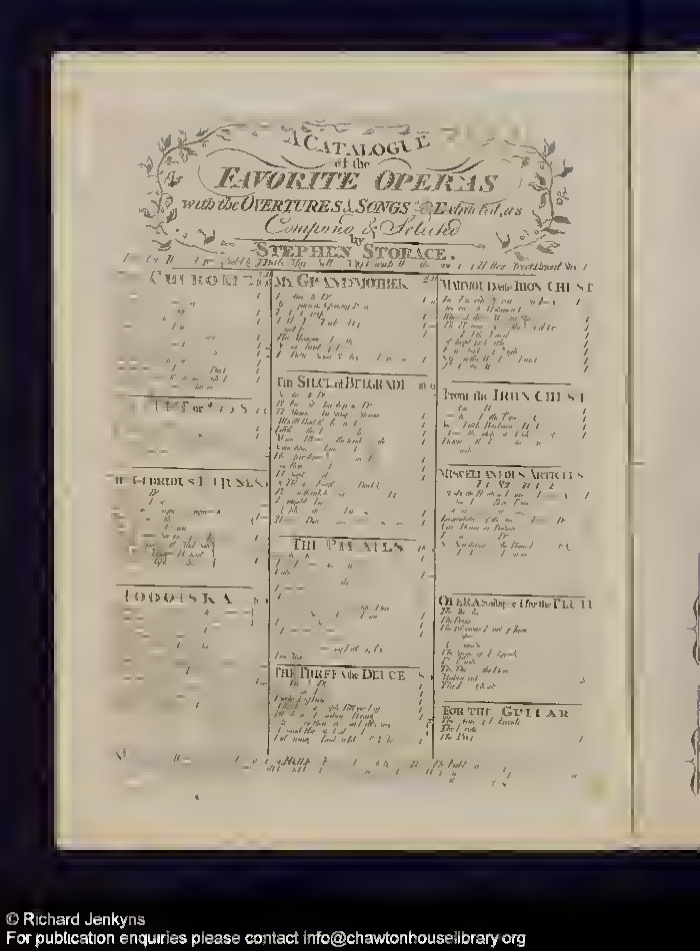
A CATALOGUE of the FAVORITE OPERAS

with the OVERTURES, SONGS & DUETS as Compos'd & Selected by STEPHEN STORACE.



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TRUE COURAGE,

written & compos'd by

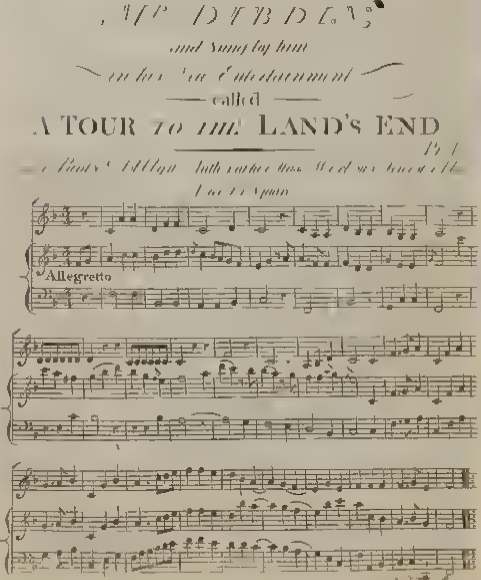
MR DIBDIN

and Sung by him

in his New Entertainment

called

A TOUR to the LAND's END



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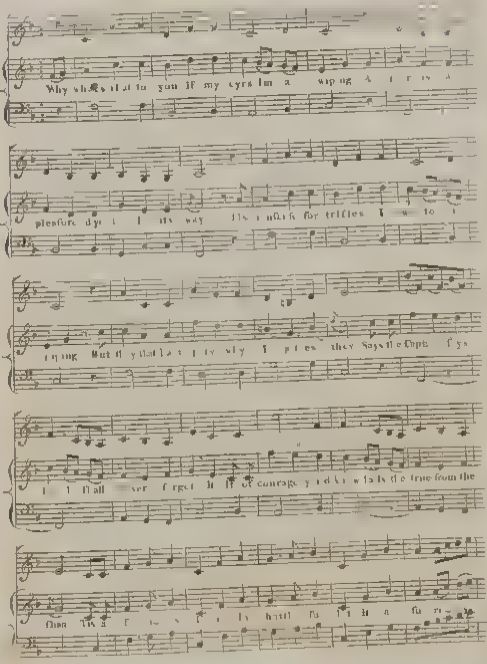

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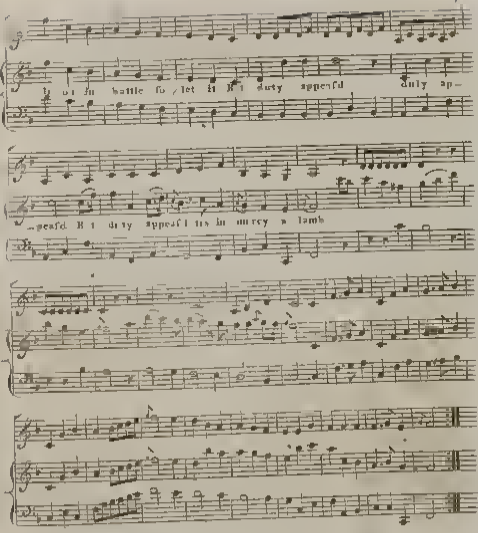

2

The [illegible] King Bob Hoogue for the old one not caring
He for Nature [illegible] Yeh pell away cut and drive;
Swinging he for has past had no motion of heart
And as for a fool why he'd eat him and ve
He'd wish in that he forgot an old gentlemen [illegible] and
That once fared his life as [illegible] drawing [illegible]
The bull was tamed and with pity [illegible]
He eeh never him [illegible] all as one as a [illegible]

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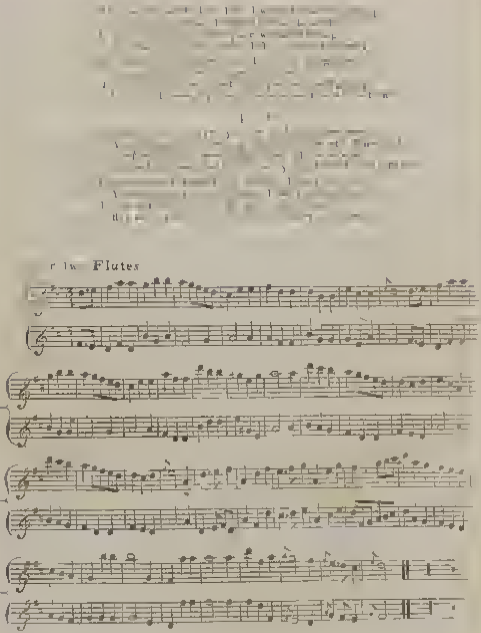

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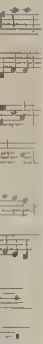

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The Husbands return,

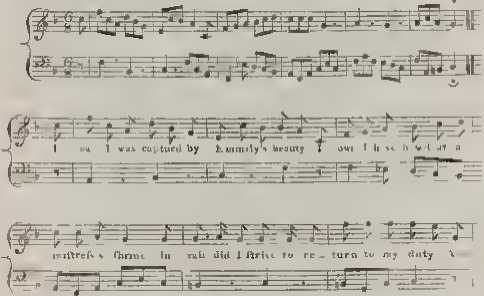
— or the Answer to —

NO MY LOVE NO,

Composed by

W. Shelly.

London. Printed for the Author & to be had of him No 9 New Inperial Mews,
Leicester Square and at all the Music Shops



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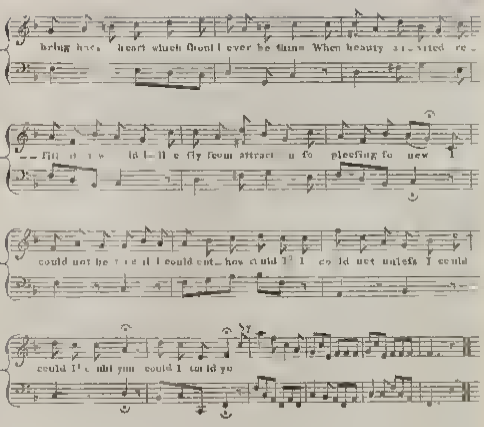
bring back a heart which Gwent I ever he thine When beauty attracted re-
fill it with love I'll defy from attract a fo pleasing fo new
could not be true if I could not how could I I could not unless I could
could I I will you could I could yo

2

With love for the fair one my heart no more burning
Defy'ed with pleasure the fenfe alone knows
Have I quitted my miftrefs — and homeward returning
Now come in the arms of my wife to repofe
Then fpoil not by frowning your features my Fanny
Forgive me for ever moft conftant moft true
Will I be if I can — if I cannot how can I
I cannot unlefs I can — can I can you?

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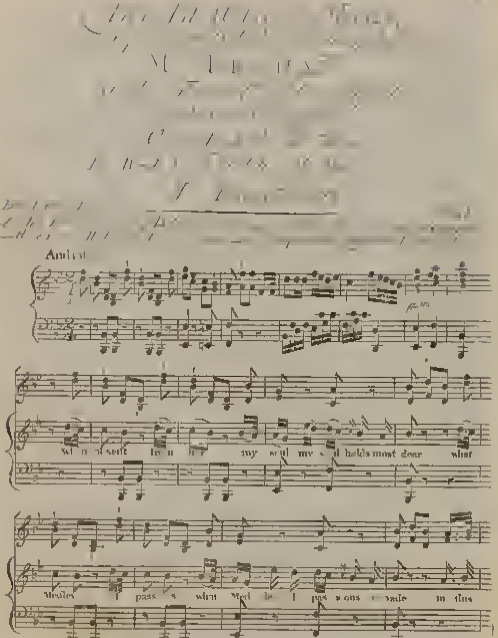

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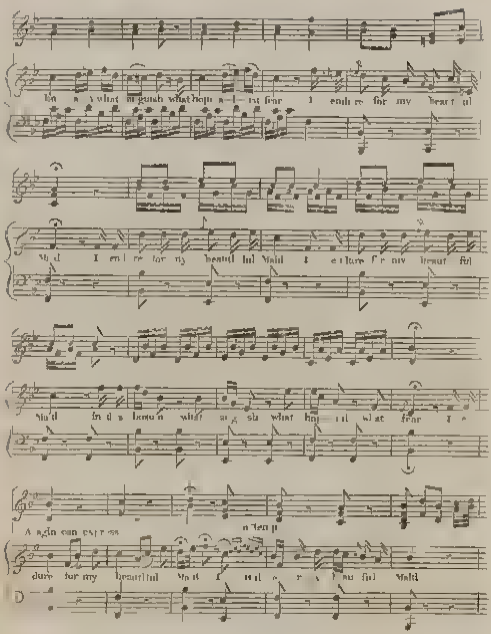
Ah what pleasure what delight I endure for my beautiful
Maid I endure for my beautiful Maid I endure for my beautiful
Maid is known what pleasure what delight I
Again can express
dure for my beautiful Maid I endure for my beautiful Maid

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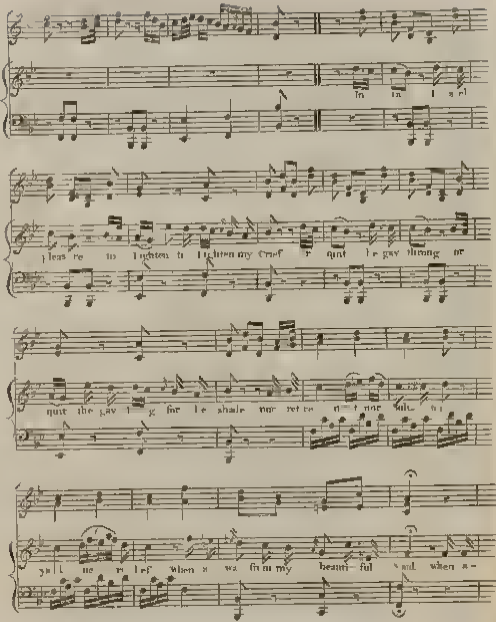
In in I sel
pleas re to lighten li lighten my Grief I pant I re gay thing me
quit the gay I ge for le shade nor retre ment nor wile to
yul ne re lef when I wa fra my beauti- ful and when a-

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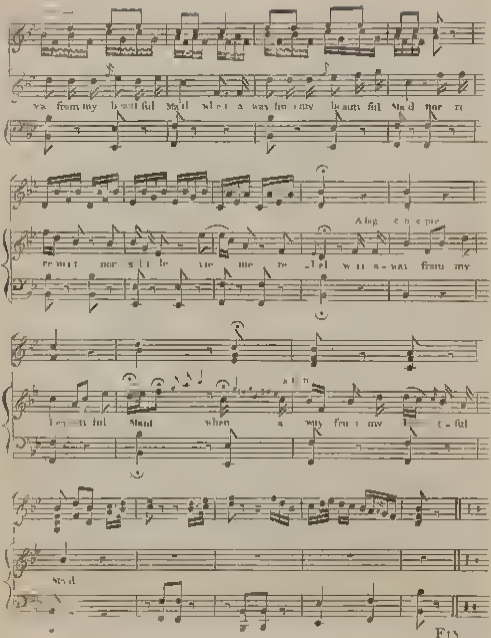

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A Ballad of the Day

Sung by

Mr. DIGNUM,

With the most unbounded applause at

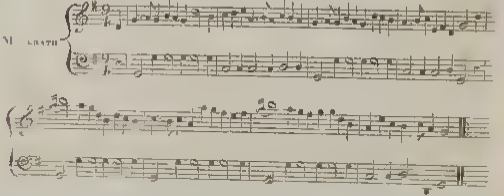
Vauxhall.

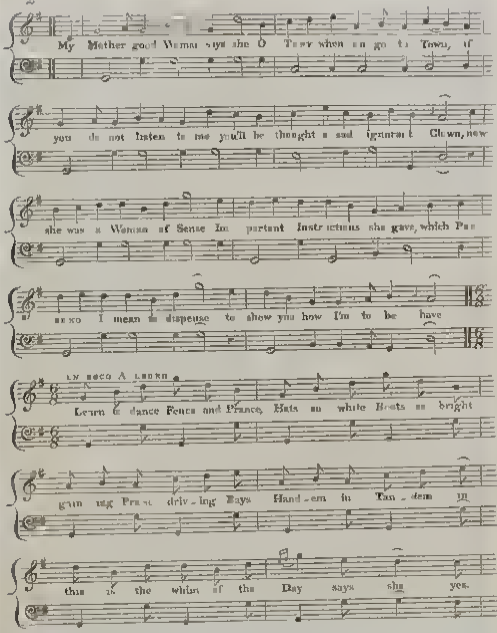
Written by the Author of the Soldier's Return

Composed by W. Hook

Price

London Printed for Clementi & Comp.y 26 Cheapside




My Mother good Woman says she O Tony when I go to Town, if
you do not listen to me you'll be thought a sad ignorant Clown, now
she was a Woman of Sense Important Instructions she gave, which Pun
ctu I mean to dispense to shew you how I'm to be have
IN BECO A LADRN
Learn to dance Fence and Prance, Hats an white Boots as bright
gain ing Pra se driv - ing Bays Hand - em in Tan - dem a
this is the whirl of the Day says she yes.

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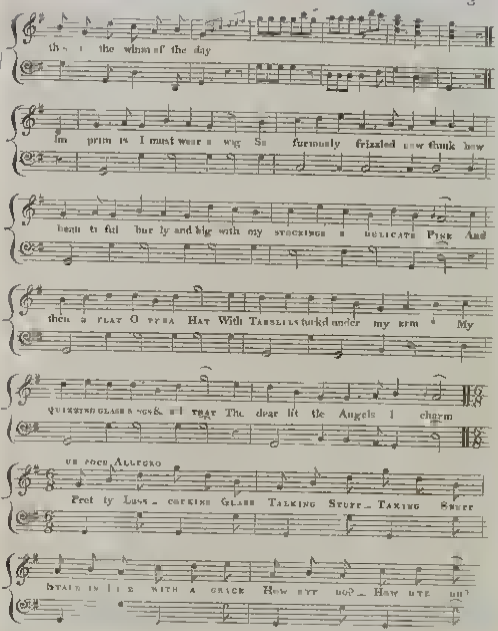
the wheel of the day
Im prim is I must wear a wig So formonly frizzled new think how
beau ti ful hur ly and big with my STOCKINGS a DELICATE PINK And
then a FLAT O TYER HAT With TASSELS tuck'd under my arm My
QUIVERING GLASSINGS & all that The dear lit tle Angels I charm
UR FOCH ALLEGRO
Pret ty Lass - corkins GLASS Talking Stuff - Taxing Sweet
STAIN IN LIE WITH A CRICK How DYE DO? - How DYE DO?

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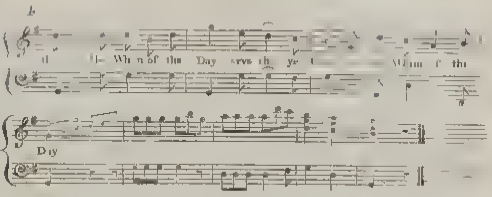

2

The Girl must be little I wed
For Fancies now all the taste
Her Cheeks like those damasks all red
And her Handkerchief tied to her waist
And she too must wear a Fine Wig
No Pockets so heavy to drag
For Fear of appearing fooling
She must carry her cloathes in a Bag
Vermicelle Ribbons
Pretty Soul Parasol
Sleeves Blue See 'em true
Hare de Vaile Catch the Gales
This is Whim of the Day
Says she
Yes this is the Whim of the Day

3

The Girls so all things are coverst
In Trousers are seen Ide him
Then for Cloths wore this age is the worst
So easily Fine Buttons they wear
Yet one thing poor mortals must cheer
That females are so full of graces
If failings in Fashion appear
They sing when you look in their Faces
Epicene Dutiful
Fosseuse Frolic Folly call
Miss a Leg Pardon her
Wish she were Say Fie se
This is the Whim of the Day
Sa I
Yes this is the Whim of the Day

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THE FRIAR OF ORDERS (...)

A Glee for two Trebles & a Bass

Set to Music & Adapted for the

Piano Forte

By J W CALLCOTT Mus Bac Oxon

The words from D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy Vol I
Composed Thursday April 24 1806 at St John's the Hermit in the Land
of Cant and the residence of Sir Thomas Bridgeman Knight Poet Laureat
to that Illustrious Order

London Printed for the Author by LAVENU & MATTHEWS

Moderato

It was a Fryer of Orders Grey Went forth to tell his beads A lit

met with a Lady fair Clad in a Pilgrims weeds Now heav'n thee save thou

reverend Friar I pray thee tell to me If ever at you holy Shrine My

Boy's Solo

true love thou didst see? And how should I know your true love From

Duett

many another one? O by his cockle hat and staff And by his sandal

Boy's Solo

shoone O Lady his dead and gone Lady his dead and gone At

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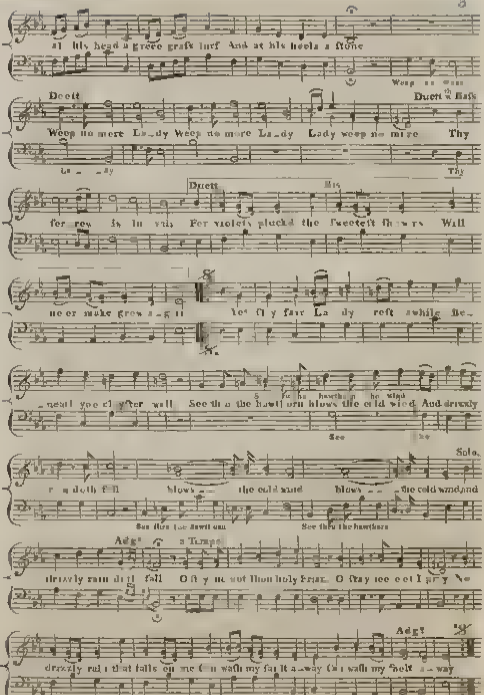
at his head a Grave grafs turf And at his heels a Stone
Weep no more
Duett
Duett & Both
Weep no more La dy Weep no more La dy Lady weep no more Thy
La dy
Thy
Duett
His
for row is in vain For violets plucked the sweetest shower Will
ne er make grow a gain
lov ely fair La dy rest awhile be
neath the hawthorn shade
neath yon cl yster will See the the hawthorn blows the cold wind And sweetly
See
See
Solo.
rude doth fall blows the cold wind blows the cold wind and
Sun dies the flowers
See the the hawthorn
Aegr
a Tempo
drizzly rain doth fall Oh y ne not thou holy Friar. O stay see see I pry ye
Aegr
drizzly rain that falls on me Can wash my fa it a way Can wash my sor row a way

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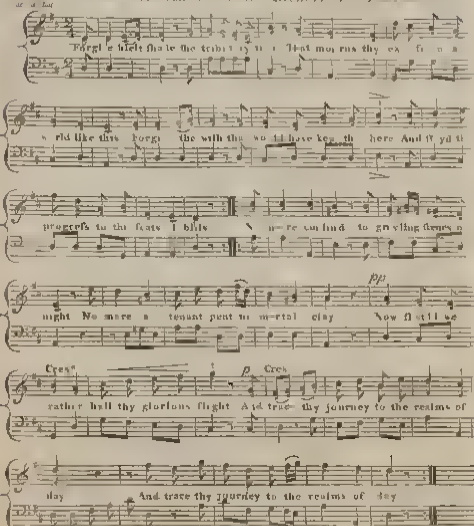
EPITAPH

in the Church Yard of Brading in the ISLE of WIGHT

Set to Music as a Glee for two Voices

By J. W. CALLCOTT Mus. Bac. Oxon

Compiled Thus by Sir [illegible] at that time the Poet [illegible] Lord [illegible] Penates [illegible]


Forgive blest Shade the tribute sympathetic That mourns thy exit from a
world like this Forgive the wish the world have kept thee here And if yd
progress to the seats of bliss Where can find to grace thy hours
pp
night No more a tenant pent in mortal clay Now flit till we
Cres. p Cres.
rather hail thy glorious flight And trace thy journey to the realms of
day
And trace thy journey to the realms of day

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Again the balmy Zephyr blows

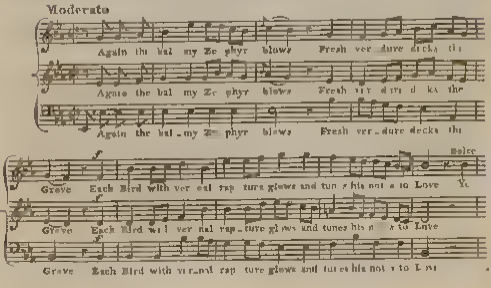
A GLEE

In Imitation of

The Friar of Orders Gray.

Composed by

JOHN SPENCER ESQ.R


Moderato
Again the bal my Ze phyr blows Fresh ver dure decks the
Again the bal my Ze phyr blows Fresh ver dure decks the
Again the bal my Ze phyr blows Fresh ver dure decks the
Bass
Grove Each Bird with ver nal rap ture glows and tunes his not s to Love
Grove Each Bird with ver nal rap ture glows and tunes his not s to Love
Grove Each Bird with ver nal rap ture glows and tunes his not s to Love

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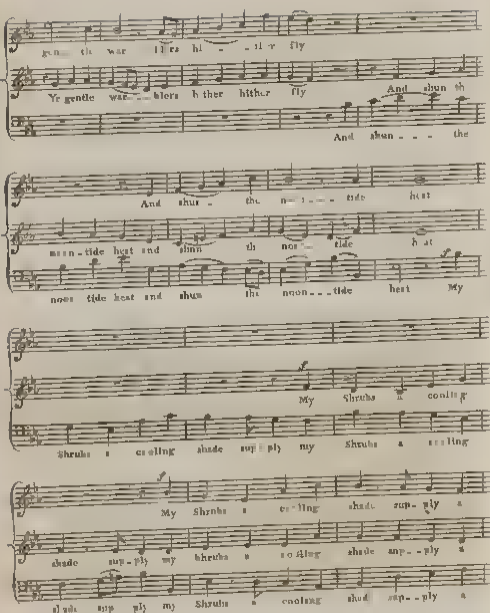
gen- tle war blers hi - ther fly
Ye gentle war - blers hither hither fly And shun th
And shun - - - the
And shun - the noon - tide heat
noon - tide heat and shun th noon - tide heat
noon tide heat and shun the noon - - tide heat My
My Shrubs a cooling
Shrubs a cooling shade sup - ply my Shrubs a cooling
My Shrubs a cooling shade sup - ply a
shade sup - ply my Shrubs a cooling shade sup - - ply a
shade sup ply my Shrubs a cooling shade sup - - ply a

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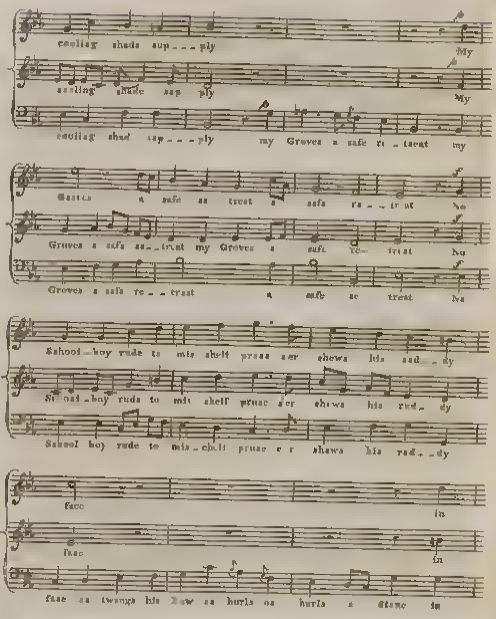
cooling shade sup - - - ply
My
cooling shade sup - - - ply
My
cooling shade sup - - - ply my Groves a safe re - treat my
Castle a safe as treat a safe re - - - treat No
Groves a safe re - - treat my Groves a safe re - treat No
Groves a safe re - - treat a safe re treat No
School - boy rude to mis chief prone e'er shews his sad - dy
School - boy rude to mis chief prone e'er shews his sad - dy
School boy rude to mis - chief prone e'er shews his sad - dy
face
in
face
in
face as twenge his Bow as hurls as hurls a flame in

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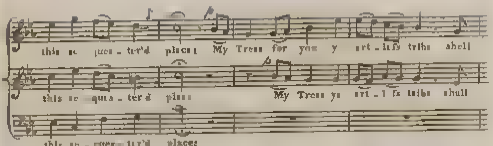
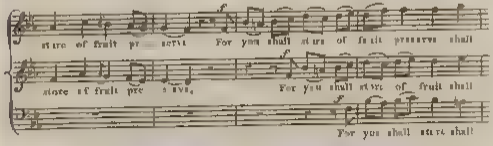
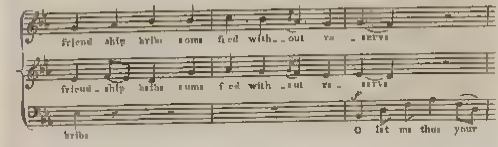

this se - ques - ter'd place. My Trees for you ye art - ful tribe shall
this se - ques - ter'd place My Trees ye art - ful tribe shall
this se - ques - ter'd place


store of fruit pre - serve For you shall store of fruit preserve shall
store of fruit pre - serve. For you shall store of fruit shall
For you shall store shall

store of fruit pre - serve O let me thus your
store of fruit pre - - serve O let me thus your
store of fruit pre - - serve O let me thus your friend - ship



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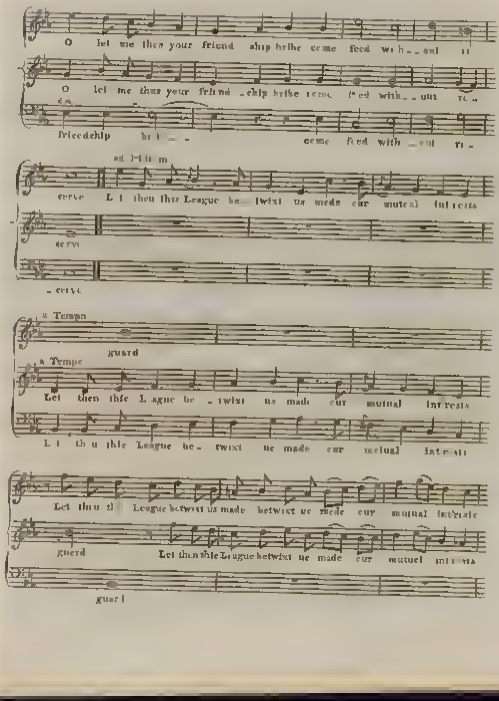
O let me then your friend ship brihe come feed with out ri
O let me thus your friend ship brihe come feed with out ri
Friendship bri come feed with out ri
ad libitum
cerve L t then thre League be twixt us made our mutual interests
serve
cerve
a Tempo
guard
a Tempo
Let then thre League be twixt us made our mutual interests
L t then thre League be twixt us made our mutual interests
Let then thre League betwixt us made betwixt us made our mutual interests
guard
Let then thre League betwixt us made our mutuel interests
guard

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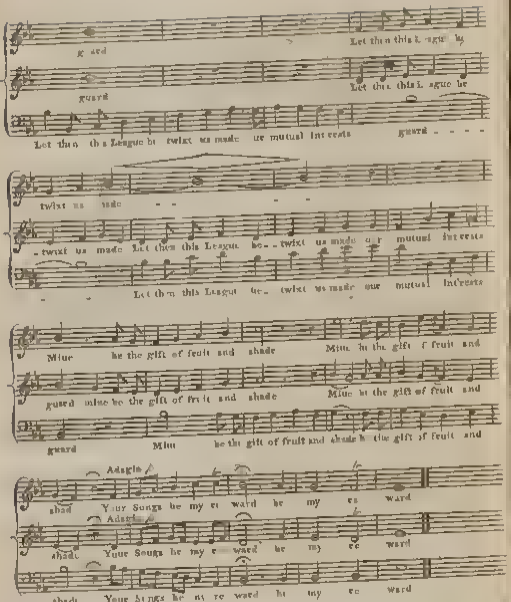
guard
Let then this League be twixt us made our mutual Interests guard
twixt us made
twixt us made Let then this League be twixt us made our mutual Interests
Let then this League be twixt us made our mutual Interests
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade
guard mine be the gift of fruit and shade
guard
Adagio
shade Your Songs be my re ward be my re ward
Adagio
shade Your Songs be my re ward be my re ward
shade Your Songs be my re ward be my re ward

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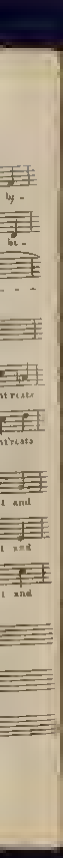

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2

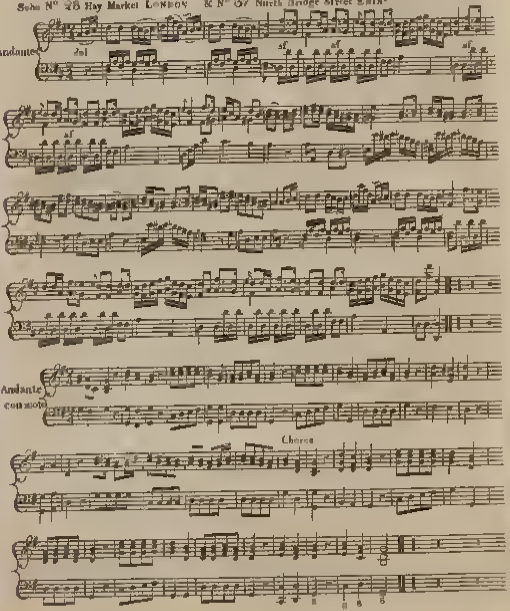
TWO OF THE MOST ADMIRED RUSSIAN AIRS

Which have been Performed by the Russian Band in George Street Assembly Rooms for the Benefit of the Public Kitchen To which is added a Grand Original

RUSSIAN POLONOISE

Price 1/

Printed by CORRI DUSSEK & Co Music Sellers to the Royal Family N° 67 Dean Street Soho N° 45 Hay Market LONDON & N° 37 North Bridge Street EDIN.r



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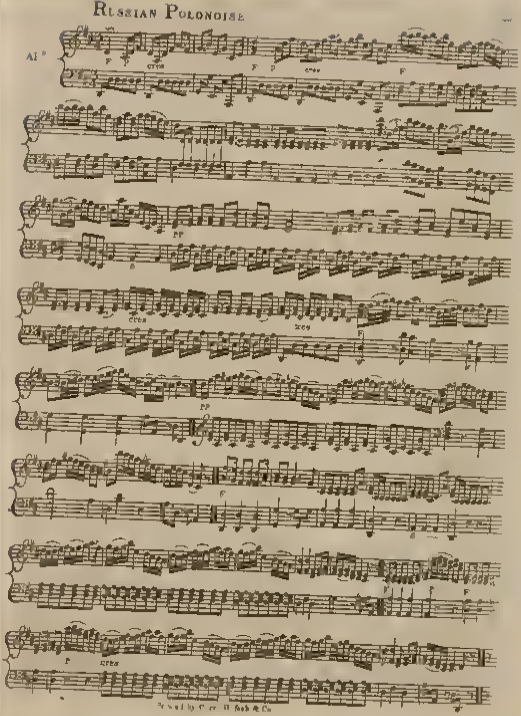

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THE MODEL,

A Favorite Song

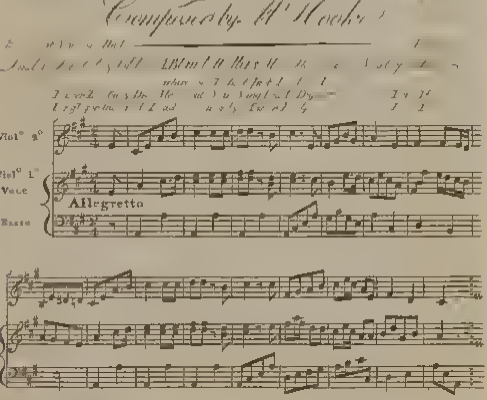
Sung with Universal Applause by Mr. Vaug[illegible]

at Vauxhall Gardens.

Written by

MILES PETER ANDREWS Esq[illegible]

Compos'd by Mr. Hook[illegible]



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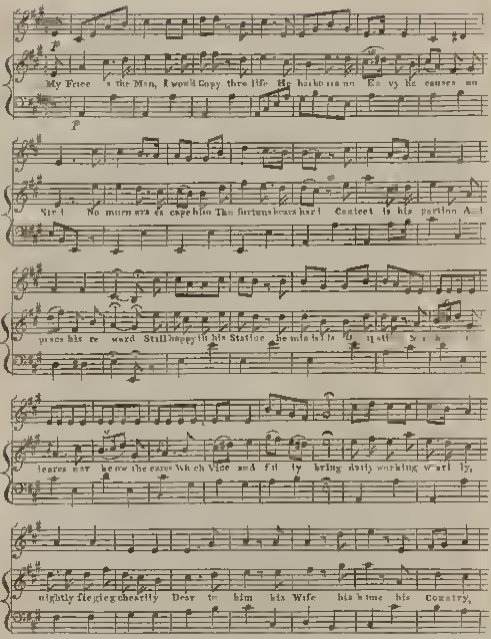
My Frie s the Man, I would Copy thro life His husband an Es vs he causes an
No murm ers es cape him The fortune bears hard Content is his portion And
uses his re ward Still happy in his Station he wishes to noth S
fears ear he ow the cares Which Vice and fol ly bring daily working world,
nightly flegieg cheerfully Dear to him his Wife his home his country,

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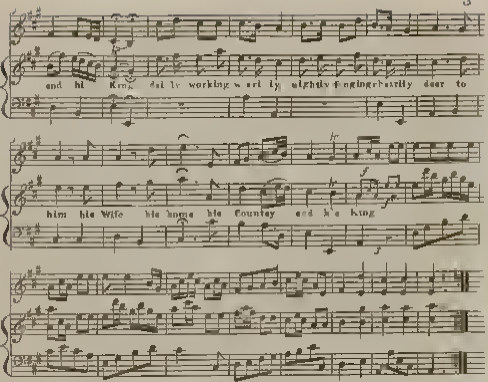

5

His Heart is Enlarged, tho his Income is Scant
He lessens his little for others that want
Tho his Children's dear claims on his Industry prefs
He has something to spare for the Child of distrefs
He looks on life Quabbling
He pities its thoughtless rabble
To close his way
From day to day
His honest views extend
When he speaks 'tis verily
When he smiles 'tis sincerity
Dear to him his Heart, his Toil his Honour and his Friend

6

How charming to find in his humble retreat
That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great
The Wife only spotless has fondness to prove
The playfull Endearments of Infinuline love
Relaxing from his Labours
Amid his welcome Neighbours
With plain regale
With jest and tal
The happy Ev ning fee
Nor vain fulness confounding him
till hi j fresh ning him
D ar h hild hi Nature ja Life Lo and Life t)

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The Beggar Girl

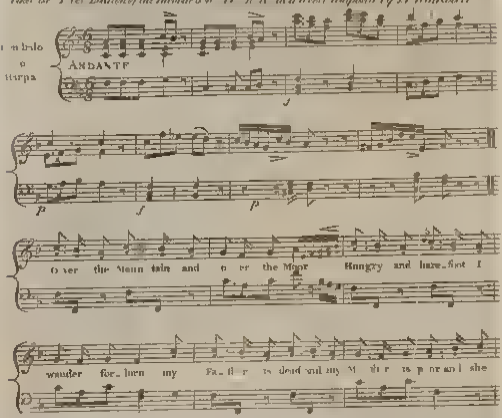
A Fashionable Ballad

FOR THE PIANO FORTE or HARP,

Composed by [illegible]

Entered at Stationers Hall Price 1/6

London Published by Henry Thompson by J. Thomson of the Father of Melody Repository 7 Leicester Street Where may be had the following Songs & Duets by the same Composer Also of whom may be had the Second Edition of the favourite Song & Duet in Harriet composed by J. F. Lambert



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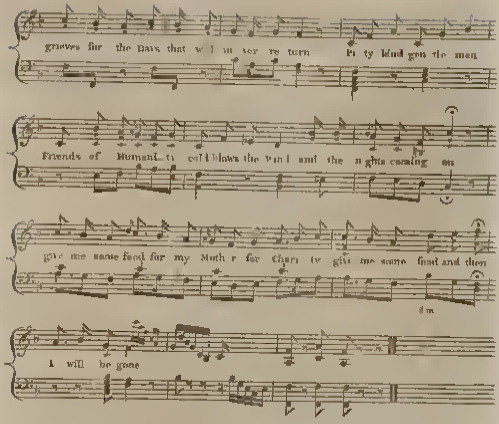
grieves for the Days that will no more return
Pity kind gentlemen
Friends of Humanity cold blows the wind and the night coming on
give me some food for my Mother for Charity give me some food and then
I will be gone

2

Could me not Lazy back & nigger until enough,
Pain would I learn both to Knit and to Sew
I've two little Brothers at home when they're old enough
They will work hard for the Gifts you bestow
Pity kind Gentlemen &c

3

O think while you revel in careless and free—
how cure from the wind and well clothed and fed
Should cruse an change it how would it would be
To hunger a door I no more suffered
Pity kind Gentlemen &c

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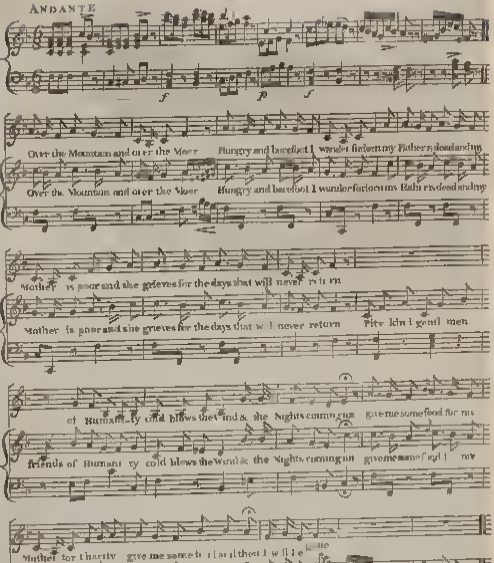
DUETT

ANDANTE


Over the Mountain and o'er the Moor Hungry and barefoot I wander farfrom my Father's dear darling
Over the Mountain and o'er the Moor Hungry and barefoot I wander farfrom my Bath'rs dear mdmy
Mother is poor and she grieves for the days that will never return
Mother is poor and she grieves for the days that will never return Pity kind gentl men
of Humanity cold blows the wind & the Nights coming on give me some food for me
friends of Humanity cold blows the wind & the Nights coming on give me some food for me
Mother for charity give me some meat that I will be gone
Mother for charity give me some meat that I will be gone

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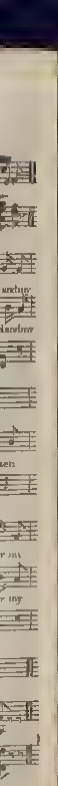

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2

An old French Air

Called a Country Dance

(Renouvellé des Grecs)

On which the Vaudeville of Rousseaus

LE DEVIN DU VILLAGE

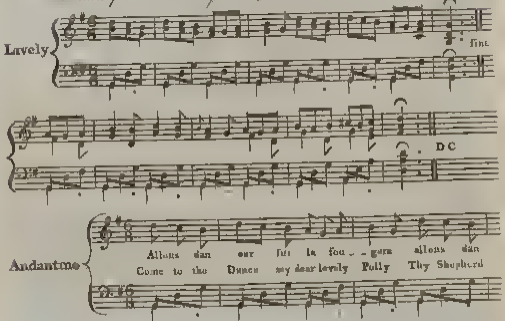
Is partly founded with a Bass in the Musette Style

BY

F. H. Barthelemon

LONDON

Printed for the Author by E. Riley at his Music Warehouse & Strand



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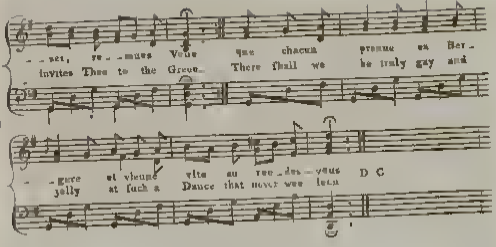
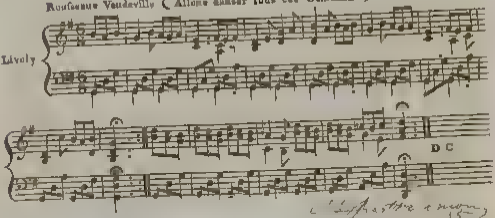

net, ve - nues Veue que chacun prenne sa Ber -
Invites Thee to the Greve There shall we be truly gay and
- gere et vieune vite au ren - dez - vous D C
jolly at such a Dance that never was seen

Innocent mirth now gives invitation
Mirth and joy will enliven the Heart
Well talk of Love and that tender passion
In thy sweet bosom will bear a part
Innocent mirth &c

Rondeaux Vaudeville (Allons danser sous ces Ormeaux)



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The Convent Bell.

A Favorite Song

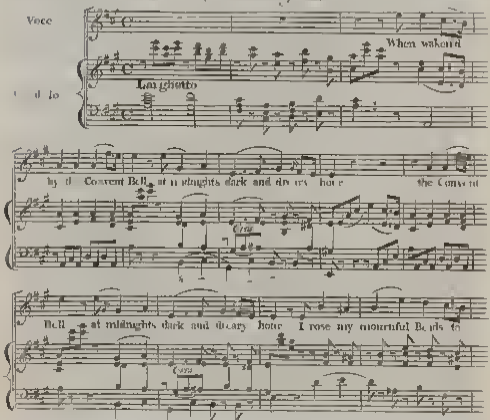
Sung by Mr Harrison, at the

VOCAL CONCERTS, WILLIS'S ROOMS.

The Words by Sam.l Beech Esq.r

Composed by J. Attwood

Londn. Printed for Preston & Son, 97 Dean Street Soho.



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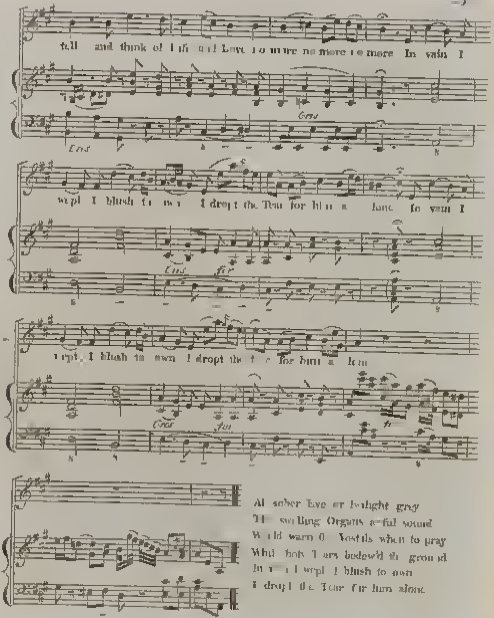
tell and think of Life and Love no more no more In vain I
wept I blush to own I dropt the Tear for him alone In vain I
wept I blush to own I dropt the Tear for him alone
At sober Eve or Twilight grey
The swelling Organs awful sound
While hoary Sires bedewd the ground
In vain I wept I blush to own
I dropt the Tear for him alone

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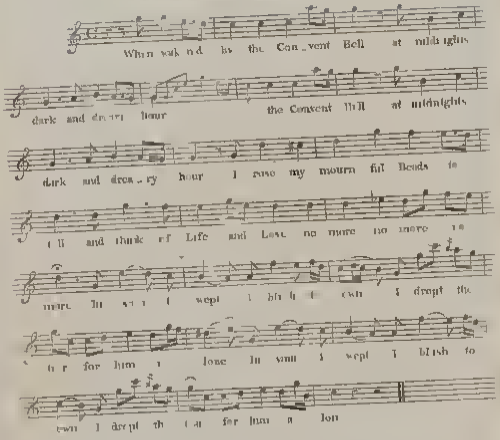
When walk'd by the Convent Bell at midnights
dark and dreary hour the Convent Bell at midnights
dark and dreary hour I rose my mournful Beads to
tell and think of Life and Love no more no more to
mark In vain I wept I blush to own I dropt the
tear for him in vain I wept I blush to
own I dropt the tear for him in vain

At solemn eve or twilight grey
The swelling Organs awful sound
Woo'd me the Vestals whom to pray
While holy tears I shed the ground
In vain I wept I blush to own
I dropt the tear for him in vain

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NO MY LOVE NO.

The Favorite Ballad as

Sung by Miss Leamy

In the much admir'd Farce of

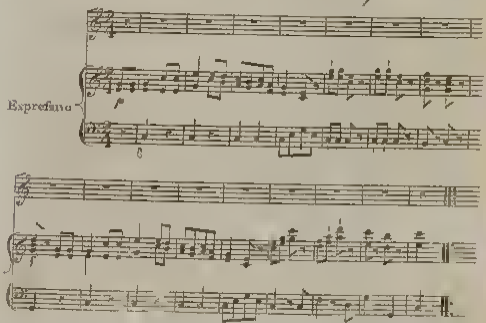
AGE TO-MORROW,

LONDON

Engraved & Printed for the Author by R. Bremner Charing Cross. Lon

and to be had of M^r Kelly N^o 9. New Lisle Street Leicester Square

Also at all the Music Shops



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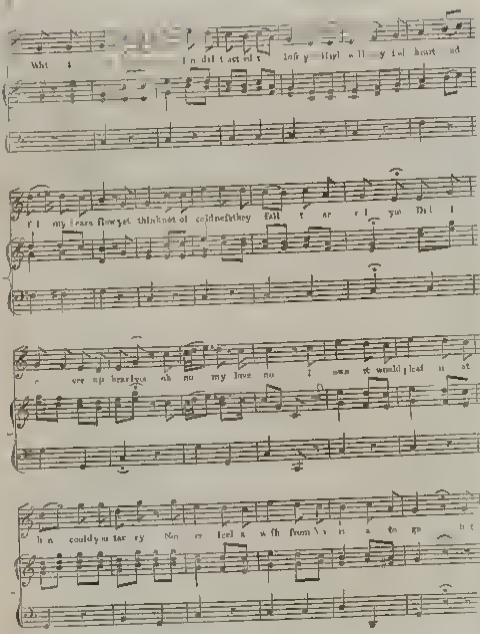

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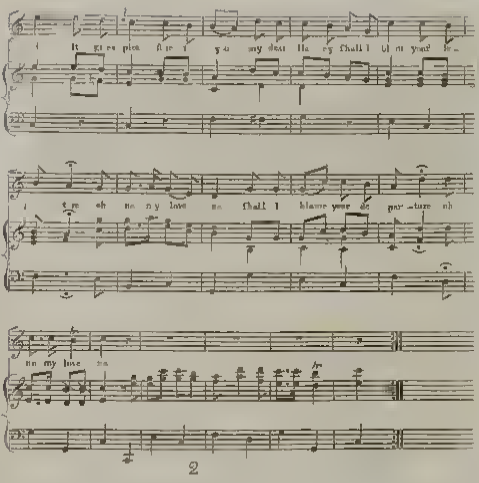

Now do not deal Hal while abroad you are straying
Thou art which I mine on a rival bestow;
Nay banish that frown fickle disdainful perfidy mine,
Do you think I fain would you not
I believe you too kind I be content to grieve me
Do you I am distract yet oh adores you with woe
With thou you I shall my truth and duty
Yet I'll ease to love you my love

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A Soldier to his own Friend.

A Favorite Song

Sung by Miss De Camp at the

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

in

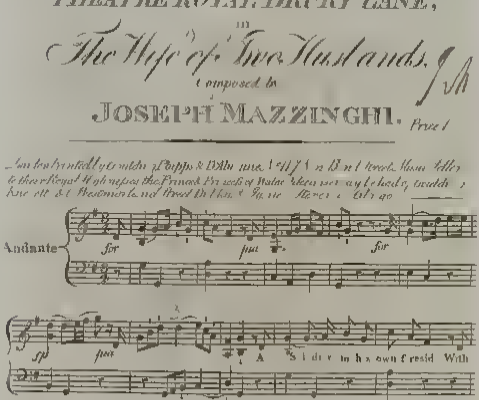
The Use of Two Husbands.

Composed by

JOSEPH MAZZINGHI.

Price 1

London Printed by Corri & Dussek, No. 1 Hay Market, Where Letters to their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales may be Addressed, and Music Subscriptions Received, and Proposals Delivered Gratis. 1790



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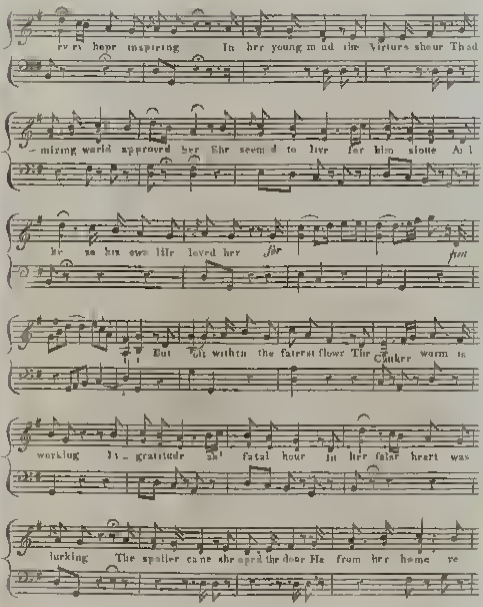
ry hope inspiring In her young mind the virtues shear That
mixing world approved her She seemed to live for him alone As I
he no his own life loved her for
But oft within the fairest flower The canker worm is
working In gratitude ah! fatal hour in her false heart was
lurking The spoiler came she spread the door He from her home re

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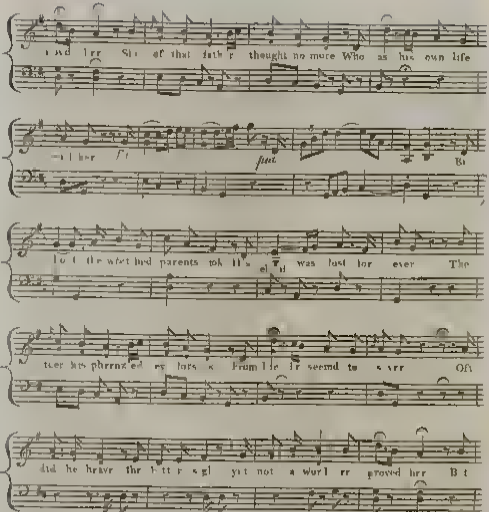
lov'd her Sir of that faith'r thought no more Who as his own life
—d her Fr fast Bi
lo't the wret hed parents woh Il's el d was lost for ever The
ture has pharm'ed ey lars s From Ile Ir seemd to s rr Oft
did he brave the t t r s gl yet not a wor l rr groved hrr B t
all he wished for was t lie F r as l's life he loved hrr fac

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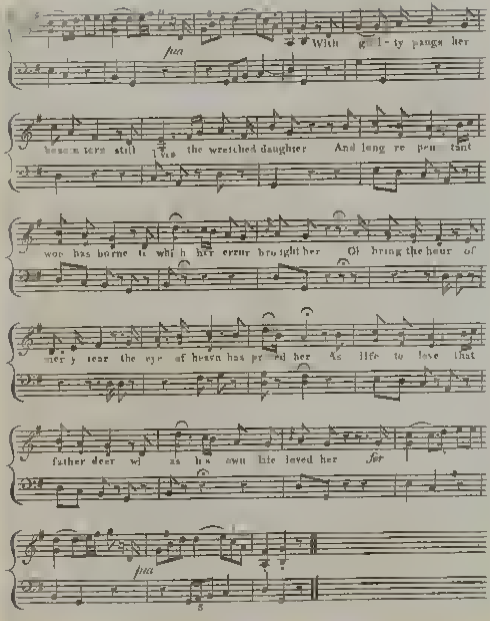
With
bosom torn still
the wretched daughter
And long re
wop has borne it which her crime brought her
Oh bring the hour of
mer y tear the eye of heaven has pr ed her
As life to love that
father dear wi as his own life loved her
for

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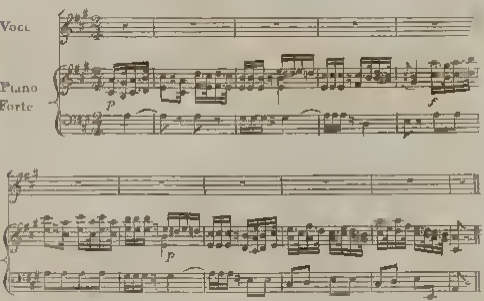
VOCAL CONCERTS.

Lat[e] at Wat Hill — P[ar]t I

LONDON

Part I with Mr Billington's Permission by P. Warbell, at his Musical Circulating Library N° 132 New Bond Street



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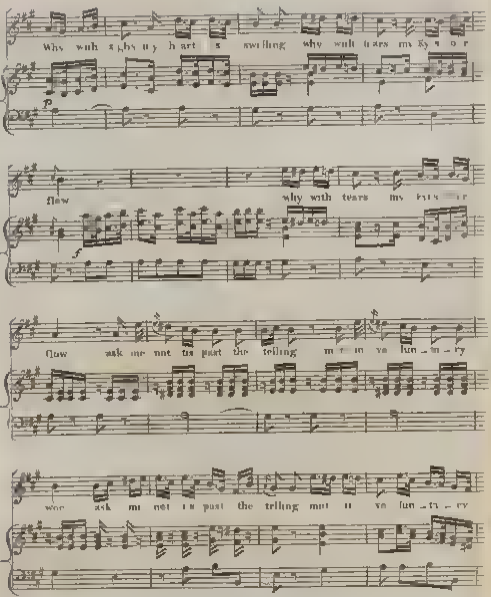
Why with sighs my heart is swelling why wilt tears my eyes o'er
flow
why with tears my eyes o'er
flow ask me not to part the telling my in ve lun - ta - ry
woe ask me not to part the telling my in ve lun - ta - ry

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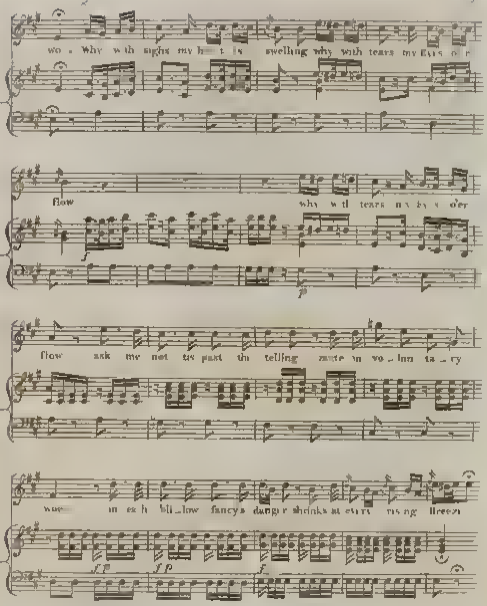
wo - Why with sighs my heart is swelling why with tears my eyes o'
flow why will tears my eyes o'er
flow ask me not to part the telling waste in wo - ful ta - ry
woe in each wil - low fancy's danger shrinks at every rising breeze

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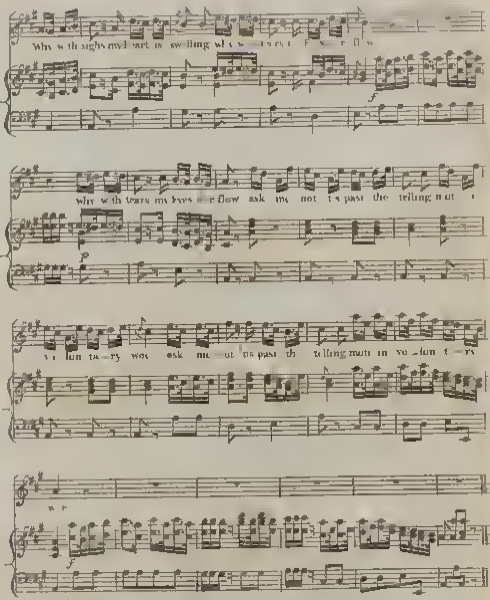
Why with sighs my heart is swelling
Why with tears my eyes o'erflow ask me not to past the telling
mut
ty woe ask me not to past the telling mut in vo lun ta ry

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The Flight of Camperdown

A CELEBRATED SONG

The Melody Composed, and

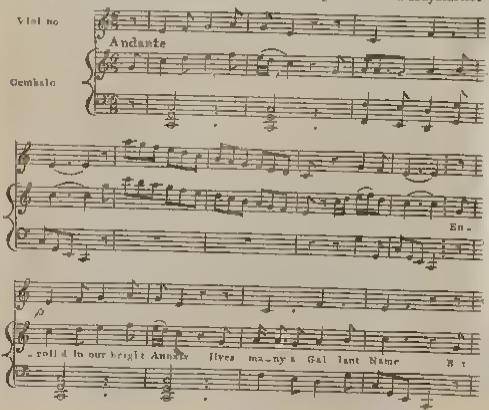
Sung by

Mr. Dignum

Entered at Stationers Hall

Price 1s

Printed by Longman and Broderip N.o 26 Cheapside and 13 Haymarket



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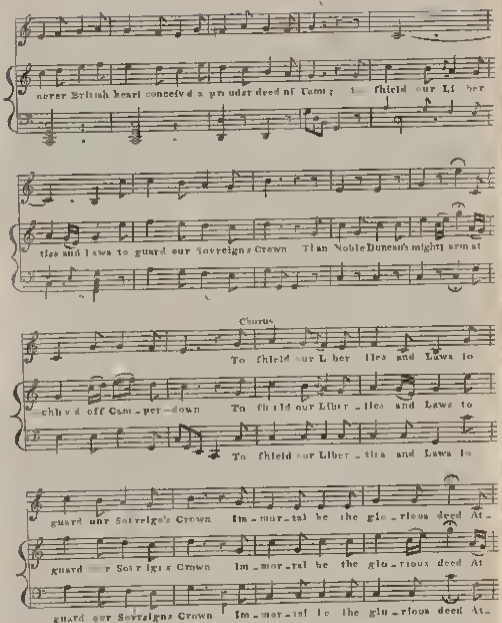
never British heart conceived a grander deed of fame to shield our Li ber
ties and Laws to guard our Sovreigns Crown Than Noble Duncan's mighty arm at
Chorus
To shield our Liber ties and Laws to
chiev'd off Cam per down To shield our Liber ties and Laws to
To shield our Liber ties and Laws to
guard our Sovreign's Crown Im mor tal be the glo rious deed At
guard our Sovreigns Crown Im mor tal be the glo rious deed At
guard our Sovreigns Crown Im mor tal be the glo rious deed At

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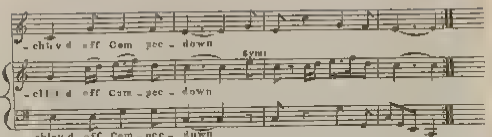

2

October the al venth it was he fpi d the Dutch at nine
The British fignal flew in heeck their clove emiath d lines
Their Line was broke for all nee Foree an that e r-pir nus day
All bittee mem ry at th post hed rowd to wipe away
CHO^S Thale Line wet hi ki fol

3

At three O Clock nine mighty Ships hed ftenn'd thale C leuee pi nd
And two brave Ad mi cals at his foot thcie vanquished Flags had fnw t
Our Duncan's t rwring Cutlaffe fiream'd diatinct ish t in the last
For in the Battle fiert i eng The mid t them to Ih Mod
CHO^S Oie Duncan e fo

4

The Victory was now t emple the Cannon ceas'd in enee
The feattied countenance of thl Foe ftink le thale native fhor
Ne p wi the pride of Conquect had his heart to lood eatens
He ft nun n d the lel implori Ceow and Ihne wee h ed to fay
CHO^S I t every man now hand th knie and here in felemn pray e
Give thanks to God who in t la Fight hat mad ne Conechl ence

5

Thus on the Deck the Noble field of that proud day et n wn
Brave Duncan with his Ceow de ant hef ti th eCod Knight la
And humbly hi fold his gre le nri on l Ihe Guardian Pow r
Whn Victorie Steength and skill Eng i l in that deed ful l
CHO And humbly hi fold ne

6

The captive Dutch thie fol nin Frens fnrv y d with filent owe
And cried the day when Holland eu hd to F unce Implous Low
And mock d l w Virtue Courage Faith unlits to fne t thl Land
Foe Victori fer Vone and Pow r, just rule and high Command
CHO^S And mark l ne

7

The VENERABLE was the Ship that bore his Flag in Fam
Our Vet ran H ro will becomes his Gollen Vafe l n nel
Behold his Locke they ftruck the toll of many a finely day
Foe fifty years and more my boys has fighting bin his way
CHO^S The VENERABLE was the Ship that bore his Flag in Fame
And VENERABLE ever hi our Vet ran DUNCAN'S Name

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SELECT SONGS

Op. 26

ANCIENT SONNETS by SPENCER.

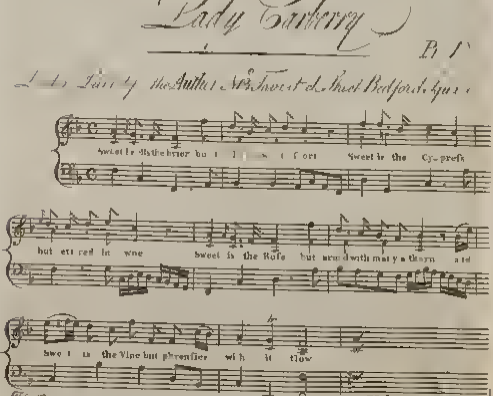
with an Accompaniment for the Harp.

most respectfully inscribed to

The Right Honorable

Lady Carbery

By


Sweet is the briar but
Sweet is the Cy-preſs
but ere red in wne
sweet is the Roſe but growth with many a thorn
sweet is the Vine but phrenſies with it flow
Volti

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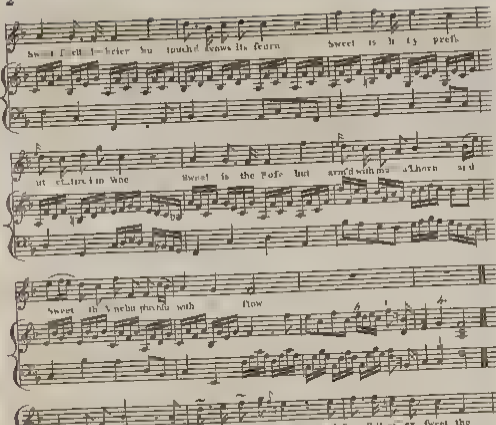
Sweet Lord I—hear thy touch'd lyre its form Sweet is it ty pref
ut et...ture in vine Sweet is the Rose but arm'd with ma ...thorn and
Sweet th ...melia thrills with flow
bo ...et ry fwe...t is temper'd with its fo... ...and four fill et ...ry sweet tho
in ... there resume for soul we taste ... loft ...ir pleafures h...
hen pleafures w...ld re... ...fign her nobleft ends why then fhe'd I thank

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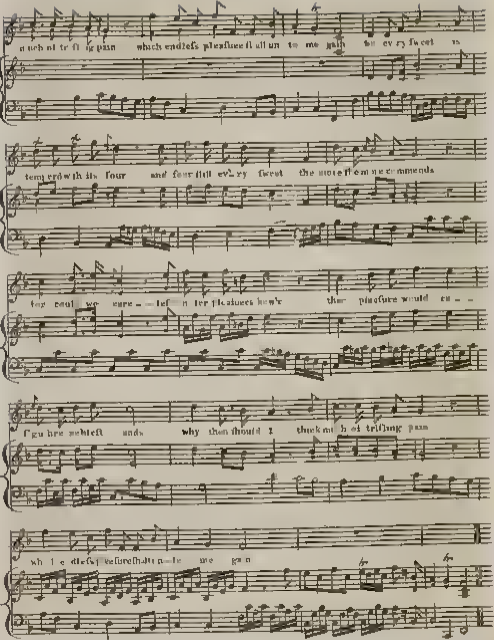
much of trifling pain which endless pleasures all un to me gain to every sweet as
term crown'd with its four and four full every sweet the more from me commends
for could we sure — life in for pleasures here the pleasure would en — —
figure subtlest ends why then should I think much of trifling pain
while thefe fleeting pleasures pass me

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Catalogue of Music Composed by

John Percy № 13 Twitten ck Street Bedford Square.

R I S Stevens Charterhouse

Answer to Sigh no more Ladies - 1 0
Say not so Friar - Glee - 1 0
A Poor Soul sat under - Song - 1 0
When Riches hung by the Wall - Glee - 1 0
Lovely Seene the Moon - Glee - 1 0
In this House - Trio - 1 6
Canzonet on Glee for 3 Voices - 1 0
O Nanny wilt thou Harmonized - 1 0
Siege of Gibraltar - Song - 1 0
The Captive (Woman o the Queen of Sorrow) - Song - 1 0
How Sweet the Moonlight - Song - 1 0
Writer - Song - 0 6
Ruled Card for Students - 0 6

Songs Selected from those Composed for the Harmonic Society to be Continued

№ 1 It is Night - Duet or Glee - 2 0
2 The Fire Side - Ballad - 1 0
3 The Sea Nymph (Favorite Ballad) - Song - 1 6
4 Montano Penitent - Duet - 1 0
5 The Shipwreck - by M^r Bellamy - 1 6
6 An African Ballad - 1 0
7 Song of a Spirit - 1 6
8 American Indian War Song - 1 6
9 Wapping Old Stairs - 1 0
10 Gaff's Gray - 1 0
11 Chief of Corrill - 2 0
12 The Pilgrim (from the Women of Seven Pa) - 1 6
13 Abbe Thales Lamentations (Song of the Chiefs) - 1 6
14 First Hour of Morning - cipher 1 0
15 Last Hour of Evening - 1 0
16 The Lovers Address to the Moon - 0 6
17 I know a Bank - 2 0
18 Lucy a Ballad - 1 0
19 The Carelefs Lovers - 1 0
20 Sacred Sonnet - 1 0
21 The Lady & the Shepherd - 1 0
22 In a wood Imperfect Strain Duett - 1 0
23 The Gipsey - by Peter Pindar - 1 0
24 Tremor - Rondo Obligato - 1 6
25 Allen Aroon - 1 0
26 Ancient Sonnet - Spenser - 1 0

Sigh no more Ladies - Glee - 1 0
If was a Lover - Glee - 1 0
3 SONATAS for the Piano forte Op 1 - 7 6
0 Mistress mine - Glee - 1 0
10 Songs - Op 2 - 5 0
Ye happiest Swains - Glee - 1 6
3 DUETS - Op 3 - 5 0
Our Tars fe flamed in Story as Sung at the Harmonic - Song - 1 0
All in the Downs. Sung by M^r Percy - Cantata - 1 0
Fairy Glee - Three Voices - 1 6
Archers Glee or Ruple Horn - 1 6
Home of my Heroes - Glee - 0 6
When the Jolli est Day - Glee - 1 6
Ye Cheerful Virgins. Harmonized - 1 0
O Strike the Harp - Two Duo Scenes with a double Accomp^t for the Piano Forte - 2 6
3 Glees for 3 Voices - Op 6 - 10 6

These Various Compositions may be had Wholsale or Retale of John Percy or R I S Stevens

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Farewell,

the Words by

SAM.L ROGERS ESQ.R

Composed and Respectfully Inscribed to

Mrs W.m C. Sharp,

by

Joseph Mazzinghi.

Ent.d at Sta. Hall LONDON, *Price 1/6*

Printed for the Author N.o 71 Kendrick's Place Chenies Street, Bedford Square.

By Clementi Banger, Hyde Collins & Davies, N.o 26, Cheapside

Joseph Mazz.i

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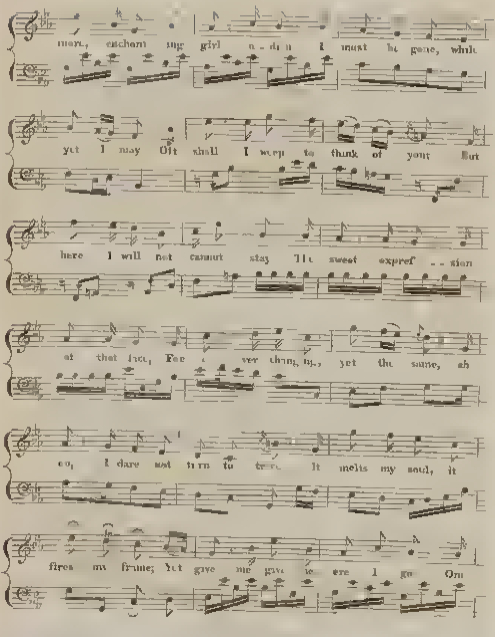
2
mor, enchan ing girl n - di n I must be gone, while
yet I may Oft shall I weep to think of you Nor
here I will not cannot stay The sweet expref - - sion
of that face, For ver thing, by, yet the same, ah
no, I dare not turn to trace It melts my soul, it
fires my frame; Yet give me give we ere I go One

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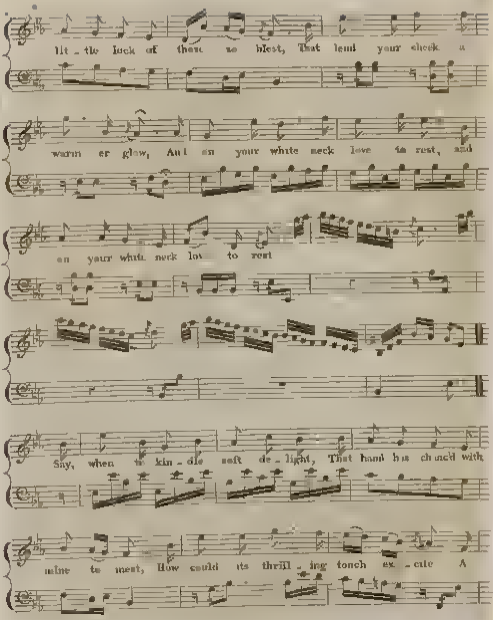
lit - tle luck of them so blest, That lend your cheek a
warm er glow, And on your white neck love to rest, and
on your white neck lov to rest
Say, when to kin - dle soft de - light, That hand has chanced with
mine to meet, How could its thrill - ing touch ex - cite A

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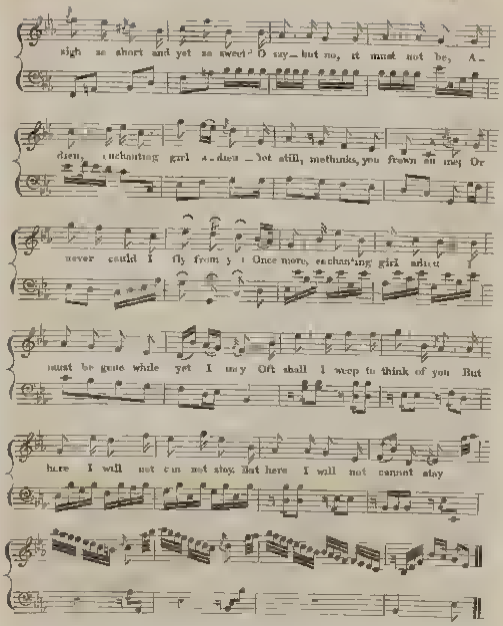
sigh so short and yet so sweet O say— but no, it must not be, A-
dieu, enchanting girl a-dieu — but still, methinks, you frown on me; Or
never could I fly from you Once more, enchanting girl adieu
must be gone while yet I may Oft shall I weep to think of you But
here I will not can not stay But here I will not cannot stay

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Poor Rosa,

a Ballad

Sung by Mrs Bland

at VAUXHALL GARDENS,

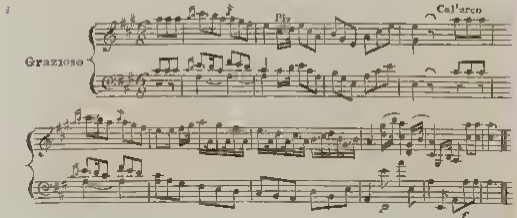
Composed by

Dr Arnold.

Entered at Stall H. Price 1

LONDON

Printed by Clementi & Co. 26 Cheapside



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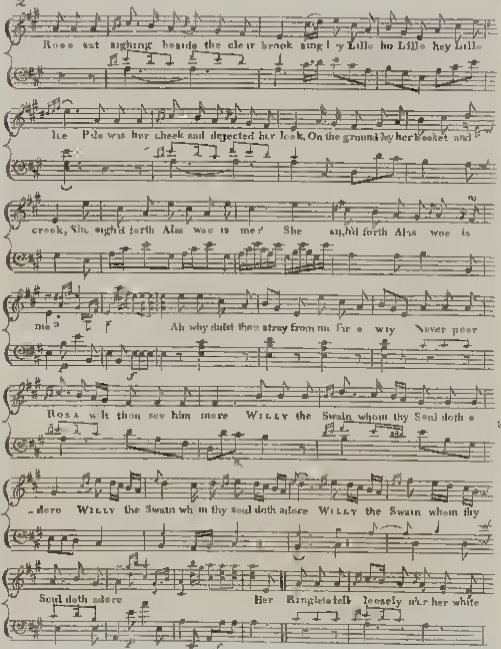
Rose sat sighing beside the clear brook sang ty Lille ho Lille hey Lille
lie Pale was her cheek and dejected her look, On the ground by her basket and
crook, She sighd forth Alas woe is me! She sighd forth Alas woe is
me? Ah why didst thou stray from us far o way Never poor
Rosa wilt thou see him more Willy the Swain whom thy Soul doth a
dore Willy the Swain whom thy soul doth adore Willy the Swain whom thy
Soul doth adore Her Ringlets tell Jeogely like her white

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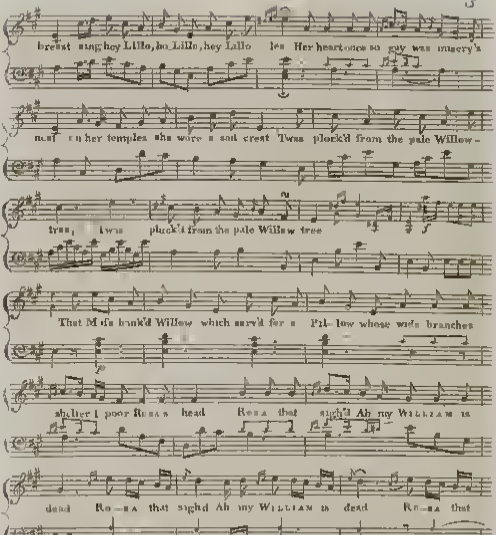
breast sing hey Lillo, ho Lillo, hey Lillo les Her heart once so gay was misery's
nest on her temples she wore a sad crest Twas plorick'd from the pale Willow-
twas, twas plucked from the pale Willow tree
That Mai den hank'd Willow which sorrow'd for a Pil-low whose wafs branches
shelter'd poor Rosa's head Rosa that sigh'd Ah my William is
dead Ro-sa that sigh'd Ah my William is dead Ro-sa that
sigh'd Ah my William is dead

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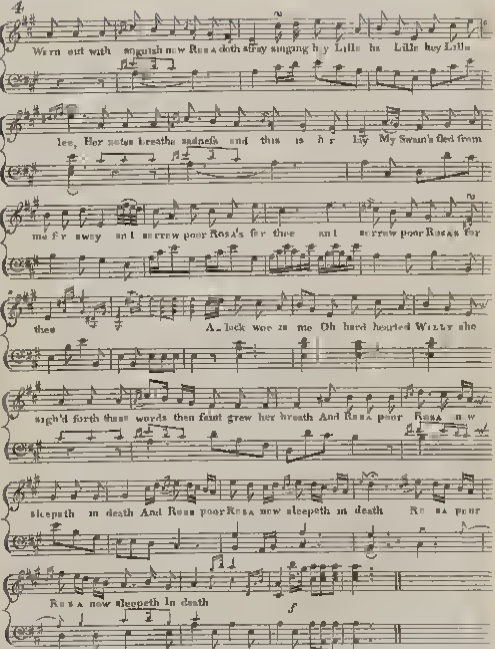
4
Wrn out with anguish new Rosa doth stray singing hy Lilly ha Lilly hey Lilly
lee, Her veins breathe sadness and thus is h r lay My Swain's fled from
me f r away and I sorrow poor Rosa's for thee and I sorrow poor Rosa for
thee A. lock woe is me Oh hard hearted Willy she
sigh'd forth thus words then faint grew her breath And Rosa poor Rosa n w
sleepeth in death And Rosa poor Rosa new sleepeth in death Ro sa poor
Rosa new sleepeth in death
f
p

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PIANOFORTE

Composed by

M. MOZART

Princes Saloon Hall

LONDON

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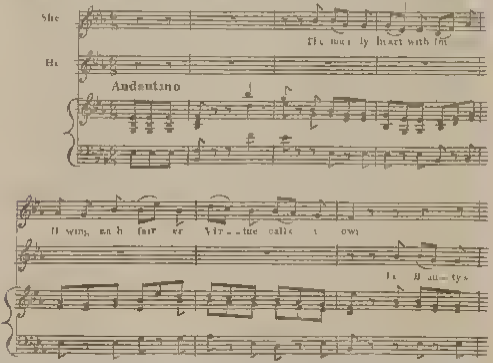

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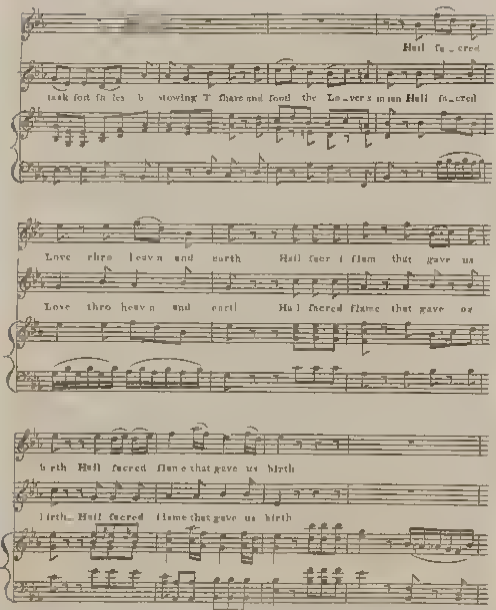
Hail fa_cred
task for fa les b stowing T flare and flood the Lo_ver s in sun Hail fa_cred
Love thro heav n and earth Hail sacr i flam that gave us
Love thro heav n and earth Hail sacred flame that gave us
b rth Hail sacred flame that gave us birth
birth_ Hail sacred flame that gave us birth

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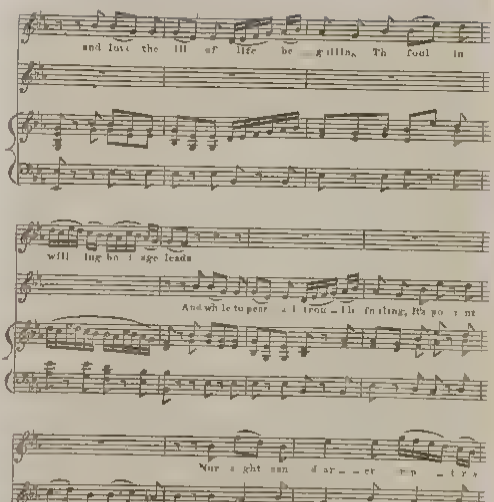
and lost the ill of life be - guiling. Th fool in
will ling ho - ing leads
And while to peer - a - head - ing, It's po - sit
Nor aught can dar - er rap - ture
Sway all na - ture blends Nor aught can dar - er rap - ture

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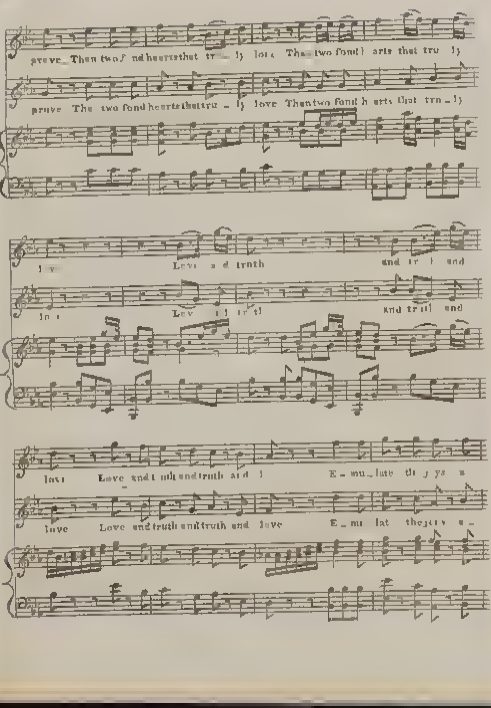
prove. Then two fond hearts that tru - ly love. Then two fond hearts that tru - ly
prove. Then two fond hearts that tru - ly love. Then two fond hearts that tru - ly
love. Love and truth and truth and
In a Love and truth and truth
love. Love and truth and truth and I E - mu - late thy ex - a -
love. Love and truth and truth and love E - mu - lat thy ex - a -

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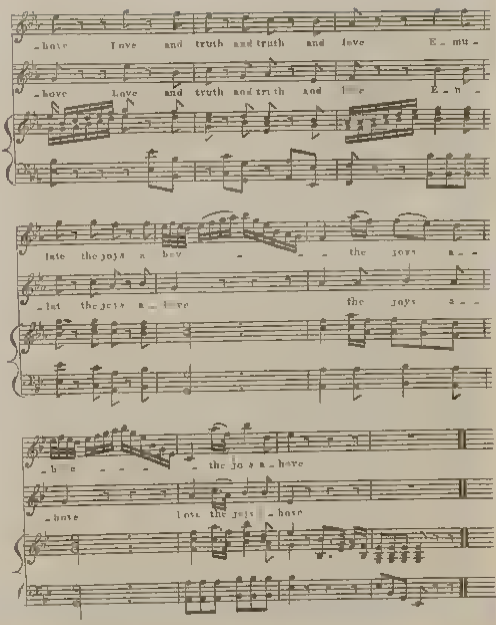
love Love and truth and truth and love E - mu -
love Love and truth and truth and love E - n -
late the joys a bove the joys a -
last the joys a love the joys a -
the joys a - bove
love
love lost the joys a - bove

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[illegible] the Western Chain

A Ballad the Words by

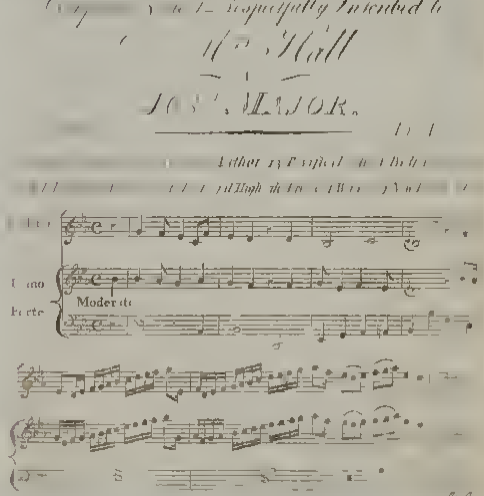
[illegible] C. DALLAS, ESQ.

[illegible] Respectfully Inscribed to

[illegible] Hall

[illegible]

[illegible]



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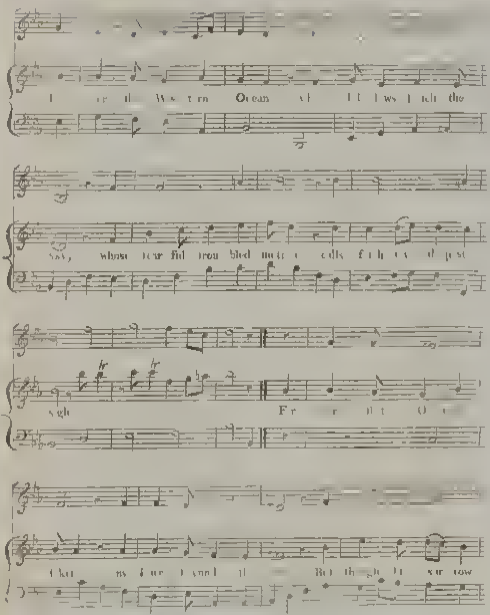

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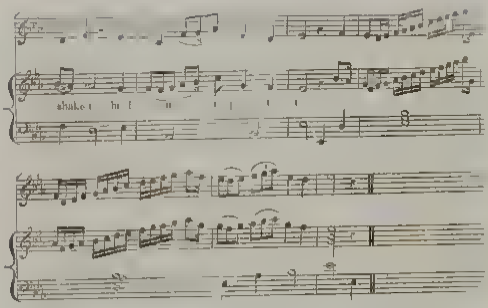

2

Some say that I'm blind

They flout, and jeer me

And slanders I must ever shield

Because I am feeble

That I am not like

Will make them still

Although I wish

Will cease to

3

I weep not at distresses

That I am not like

For with misfortune

We learn to mind the heart

I weep yet it is taken

Beyond the storms

My Children are forsaken

But heaven's mark to

And through Life's stony

That

With

A

With

And

Waits

To

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2

HAROLD THE VALIANT,

The Words from Masons Poems Vol. III p. 138

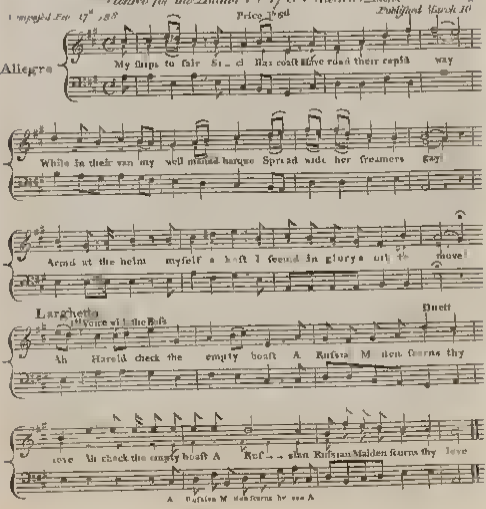
Set to Music by

J. W. CALLCOTT,

Mus. Bac. Oxon.

Ranked for the Author. Near St. Martin's Lane

Entered Jan 17th 1838 Price 1/6d Published March 10


Allegro
My ships to fair Scotland have coast'd o'er the rapid way
While in their van my well manned barque Spread wide her streamers gay
Arm'd at the helm myself a knight I found in glory's arms to move!
Larghetto
Duett
Ah Harold check the empty boast A Russian Maiden scorns thy love
Ah check the empty boast A Russian Maiden scorns thy love
A Russian Maiden scorns thy love A

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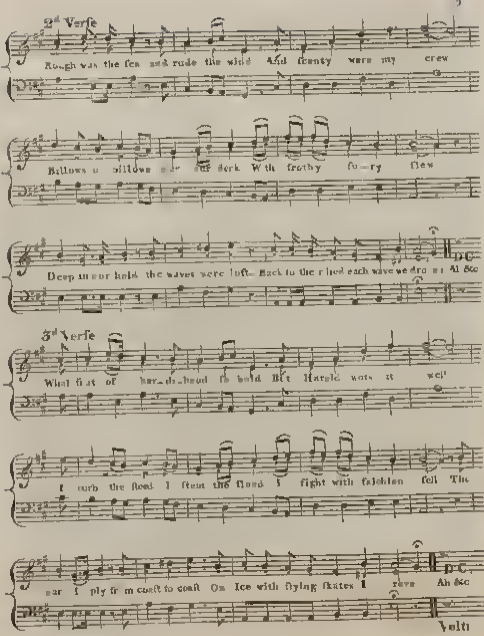
2d Verse
Rough was the sea and rude the wind And scanty were my crew
Billows o billows rose on dark With frothy fury blew
Deep in our hold the waves were lost Back to the ried each wave we dro ve Al &c
3d Verse
What feat of hardihood to hold But Harold was it well
I curb the steed I stem the flood I fight with fabulous foe The
ear I ply from coast to coast On Ice with flying skates I rove Ah &c
Volti

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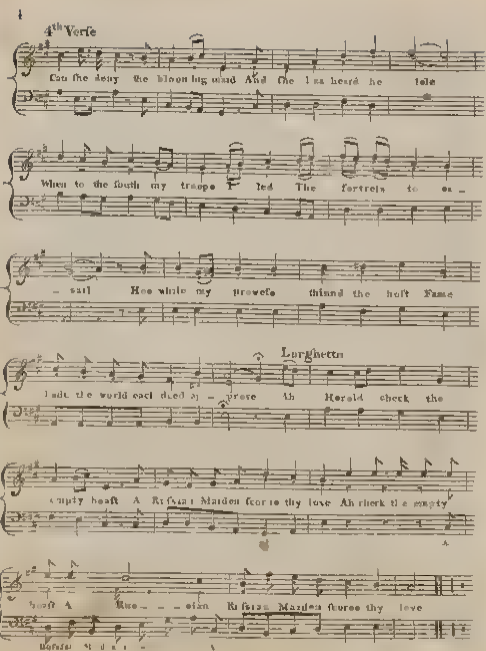
4th Verse
Can the deny the blooming mind And the I ma heard he fole
When to the fouth my troops led The fortrefs to en -
- tail Hee while my prowefs thinnd the hoft Fame
Larghetto
Lads the world each died by - greve Ah Herald check the
empty hoaft A Rifian Maiden fcorns thy love Ah check the empty
hoft A Hee - - - - etan Rifian Maiden fcorns thy love

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WHY BUSY BOYS.

A Favorite Hymn

Composed by Mr WILL.m LINLEY, & Sung at the

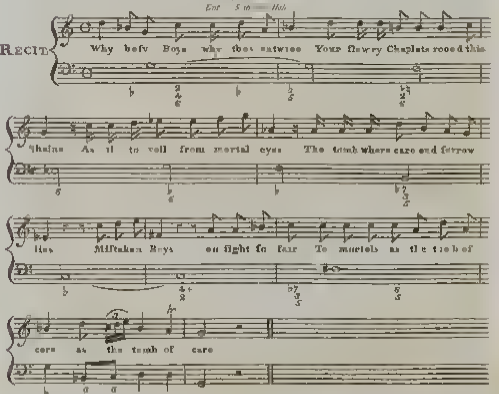
Dilletante Concerts

By Master Elliott

Most humbly inscribed (by Permission) to

The Honble Lady Jocelyn of Beckenham Kent

London Printed for Prig.r No.1 St Pauls Church Yard


Recit
Why busy Boys why thus entwine Your flowry Chaplets round this
Thalia As if to veil from mortal eyes The tomb where care and sorrow
lies Mirthless Boys on sight so fair To mortals as the tomb of
care as the tomb of care

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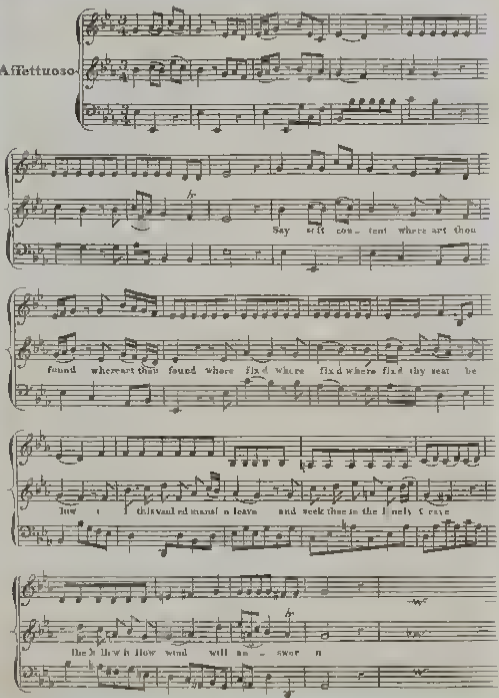
Affettuoso.
Say swift con - stant where art thou
found wherear thou found where fix'd where fix'd where fix'd thy seat be
how t thickvaul'd mansal o leave and seek thee in the lonely Cave
Echo How wind will an - swer

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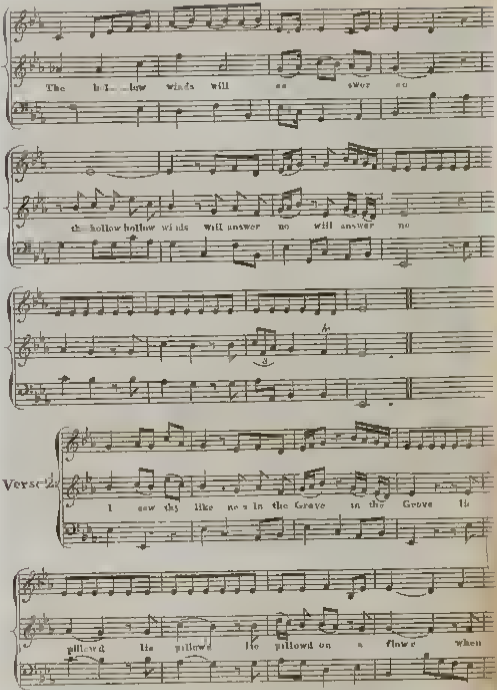
The hollow hollow winds will answer no
the hollow hollow winds will answer no will answer no
Verse
I saw thy like now in the Grave in the Grove lie
pillowd lie pillowd lie pillowd on a flowr when

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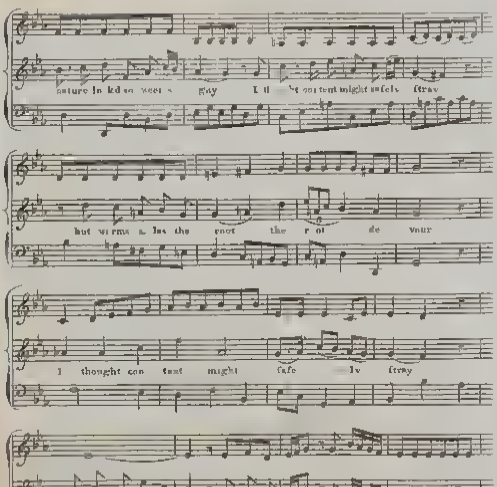
nature In kid so sweet a gay I th ot content might safely stray
but wrmn a las the root the r ot de vour
I thought con tent might safe ly stray
but wrmn a las a las the root de vour the rankle weed

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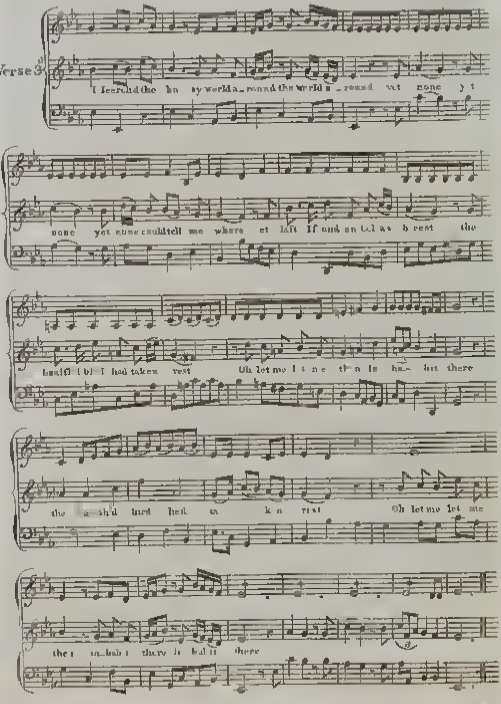
Verse 3
I search the lo ny worlds round the world round yet none
none yet none could tell me where at last If und un tol as best the
land I'd be I had taken rest Oh let me I one there in his ar there
the wea ry shall find rest Oh let me let me
there in shall there is hall in there

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Little Fanny.

Sung by

Mr. Bland

at

Vauxhall Gardens.

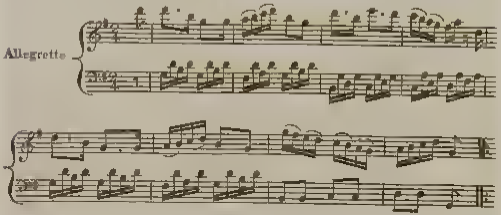
Written & Composed by

G. Hicks.

Pr 1s

LONDON

Printed by Clementi Banger Hyde, Collard & Davis 26 Cheapside



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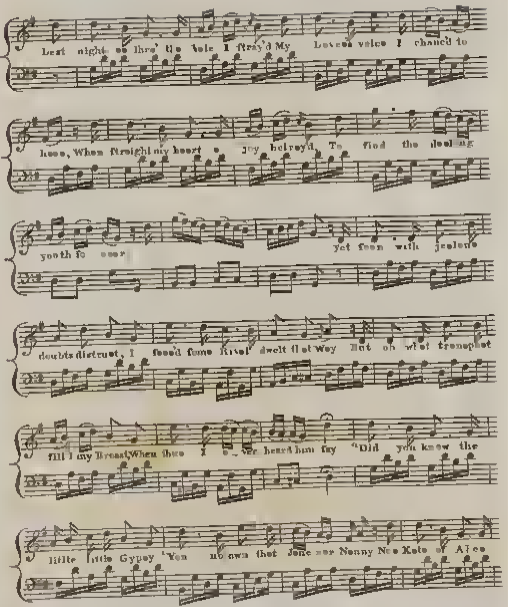
Last night as thro' the vale I stray'd My Lovers voice I chanc'd to
hear, When straight my heart was joy betray'd To find the dear ing
youth so near
yet fears with jealous
doubts distrust, I fancied some Rival dwelt that way But oh what transplant
fill'd my Breast, When thus I her heard him say "Did you know the
little little Gypsey You us'd to own that Jane nor Nanny Nor Kate of Alice

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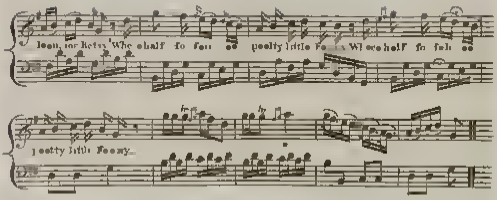

2

'Let others praise Thole Leface fole
'And fing of Mary Sne no Nenny
'To me no damsel can compare
'With my own pretty little Fanny
'When she smiles then straight appearing
'Dimples spread on either cheek
'And her Eyes a audience learning
'Eyes which eloquently speak
'Did you know the little Gypsy
'You would own nor Jane nor Nenny
'Nor Kate of Aberdeen nor Betsy
''Where half so fine as Little Fanny

3

Hear her sing, and hear her play'
('In Heaven alone such Mefick found,)
'I could liften all the day
'To the fweet enchanting found
'Nor does the Fame alone le Sing
'In the dance, with felt fo eley
'She attracts the gaping throng
''Tripping light as any Fairy
'Did you know &c &c

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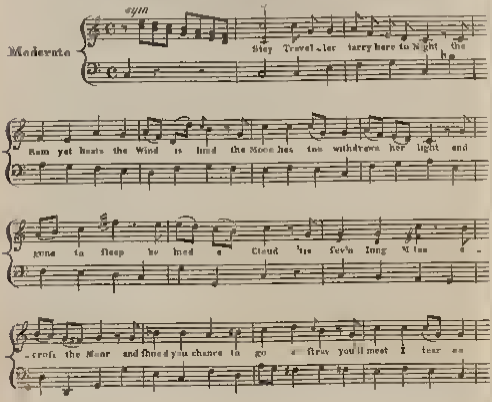
The WOODMAN

Written by Wm. Pearce Esq.

Set to Music

by Mr. LINLEY.

London Printed & Sold by Preston & Son 71 & 73 Where may be had the Third Book of Stand


Andante
Stay Traveller tarry here to Night the
Sun yet heats the Wind is hush'd the Moon has withdrawn her light and
gone to Sleep he hides a Cloud his Sev'n long Suns
-croft the Moor and should you chance to go astray you'll meet a Bear an

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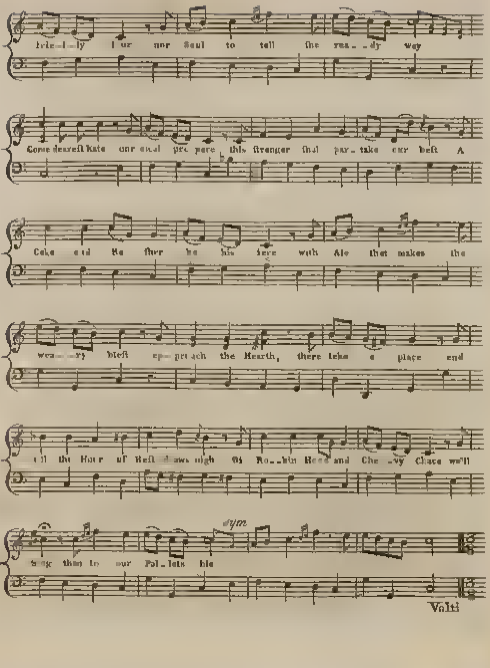
Brie-fly I our new Soul to tell the rea-dy way
Come dearest Kate our meal pre-pare this Stranger shal par-take our heft A
Cake and Ale shee ha-ths here with Ale that makes the
wea-ry Heft sp-peach the Hearth, there teks a place and
all the Hour of Heft draws nigh Wi Ro-bin Red and Che-vy Chace we'll
sym
Sing this to our Fol-lets bla
Valti

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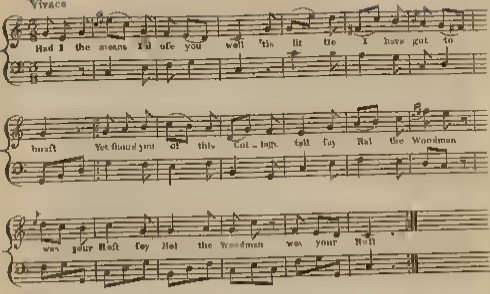
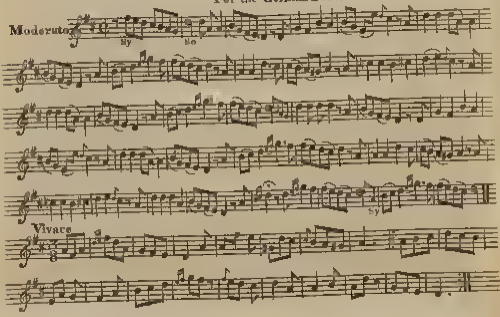
Vivace


Had I the means I'd ate you well 'tis fit the I have got to
trust Yet thank you ol this Cut-lugs tell fay Nal the Woodman
was your Neft foy Nal the Woodman was your Neft

For the German Flute



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A Most Excellent

To which is added a Favourite Irish Air

THE MILL, MILL OH!

Arranged as a **RONDO**, for the

Piano-Forte

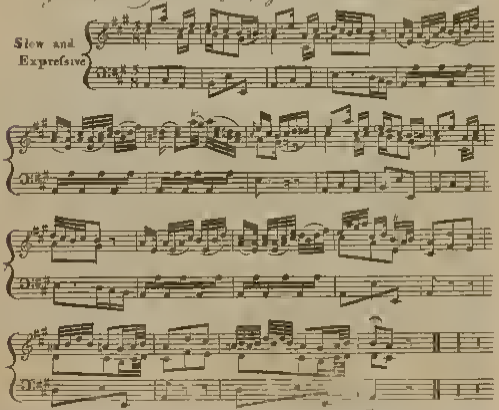
by

T. H. BUTLER.

Entered at Stat.rs Hall.

LONDON

Printed by Goulding & D'Almaine, Soho Square, to their Royal Highnesses the Prince Regent, the Prince & Princess of Wales & H.R.H. the Duke



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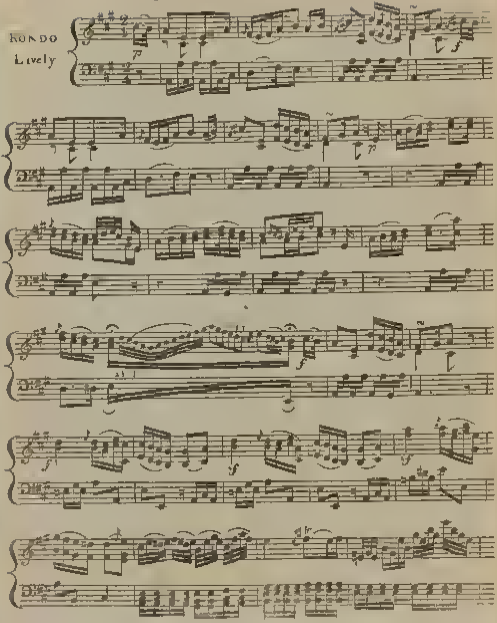

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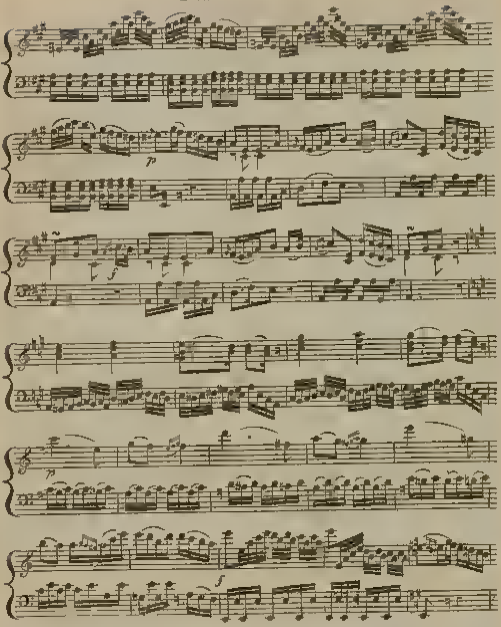

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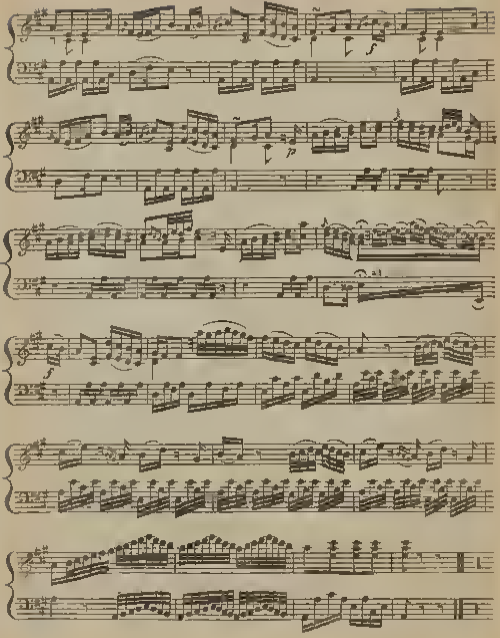
The Mill Mill Oh



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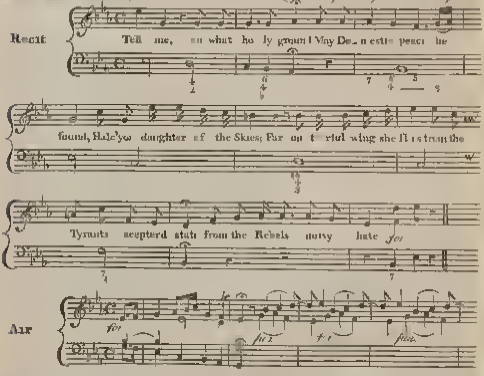
Song on PEACE.

Set to Musick by

W. Garnaby.

Compos'd by Hisst: mphon: Sub: of His Majestys Chapel Royal

Printed for the Author, and Sold at his House in Bow Street


Recit
Tell me, in what holy ground May Peace in exile peace be
found, Hale'yo daughter of the Skies; For on the rival wing she flies from the
Tyrants sceptred stalls from the Rebels stony hate for
Air
for
for
for
for

* Just Published to the Words for 2 Voices by the above Author.

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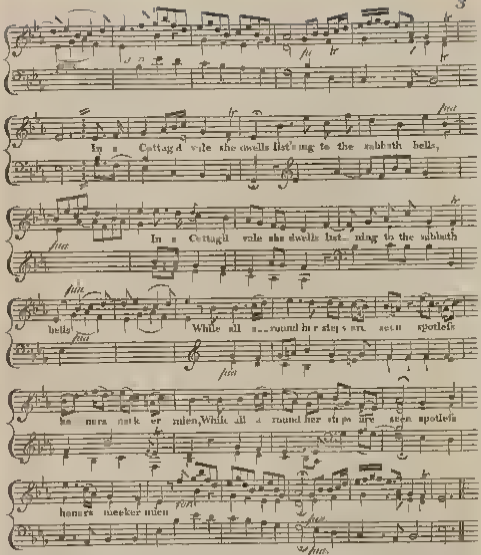
In a Cottag'd vale she dwells list'ning to the sabbath bells,
In a Cottag'd vale she dwells list'ning to the sabbath
bells While all around her step's are seen spotless
While all around her step's are seen spotless
honest meeker mien

9th

Love the Sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling thro' her tears;
And mindful of the past employ,
Memory; bosom spring of joy

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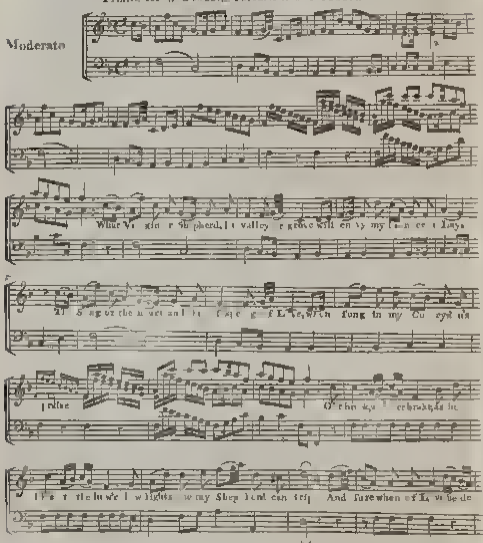
THE WEDDING DAY.

A favorite Song Composed by

M^r Hook.

Price 6^d

Printed for W Gawler, Paradise R^w Yarmouth


Moderato
Where Virgin Shepherd, in valley regardless with envy my Love & Days
At Sager the harvest and in Gaiety Love, with song in my Cup and
I relate O'er the eye rehearsed it
Here the lowly Lights on my Sheep lend can trip And sure when at Eve beside

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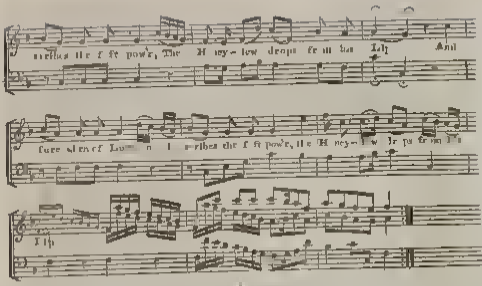


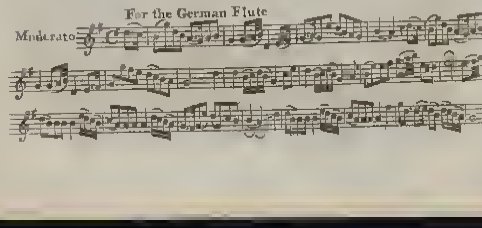
2

How Sweet is the Prim-rose in Early low Sweet,
And Sweet is the sight of the Rose
But Corydon's Kiss when by Moonlight we meet
To me, is far Sweeter than those
I blush as his eager Lips seek what I Vow
I sigh, when I think of the Deed
And Oh what a Night, my fond heart will be
When I feel the fate in the Kiss

3

Responsive, and thrill to the Notes of the Fay
For the Pipe thro' the Village resound
Be Smiles on each Face O ye Shepherds to day
And ring the Bells merrily round
Your Favours prepare my Companions will speed
Assist me my Blushes to hide
A Twelvemonth upon this Day, I agreed,
To be my loved Corydon's Bride

For the German Flute



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Music to an Original Musical Drama by Mr. [illegible]

as sung by Mr. Incledon

FAMILY QUARRELS,

written by Mr. [illegible]

The Music by

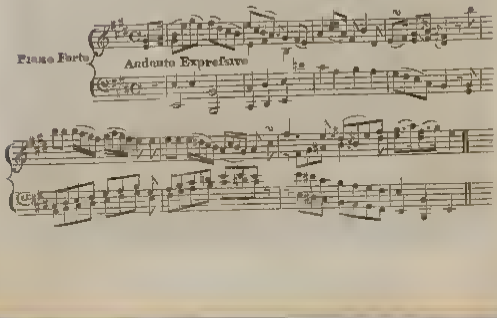
JOHN DAVY.

[illegible]

London

Printed by Thomas Bampton [illegible]

N° 26 Chorus &c



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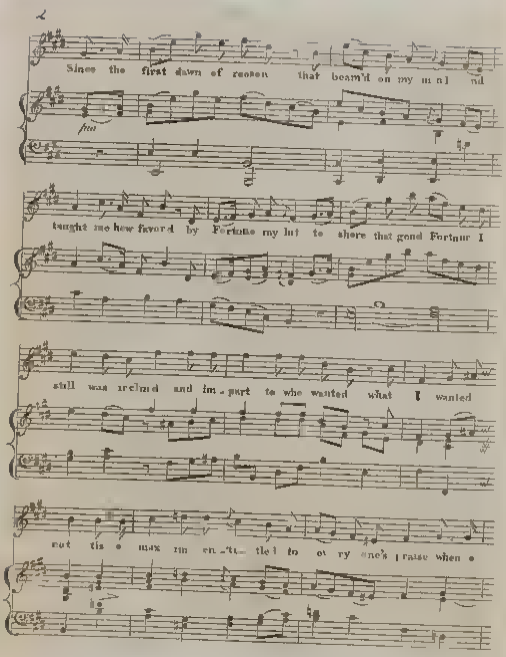
Since the first dawn of reason that beam'd on my mind
taught me how favord by Fortune my lot to shere that gone Fortune I
still was reclaim'd and im-part to who wanted what I wanted
not tis a max im en-ti-tled to ev-ry one's praise when a

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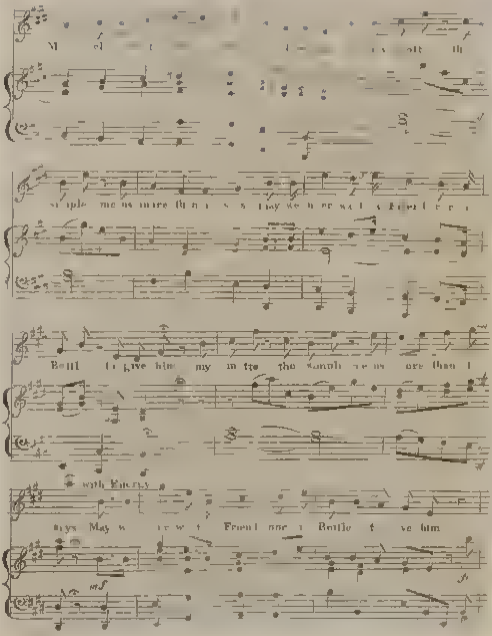

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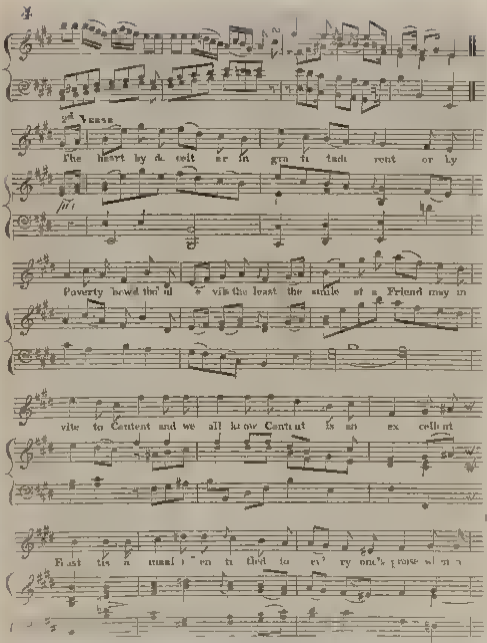
Treble
The heart by a celt ar in gra ti tudi rent or ly
Poverty how'd tho'ill s vils the least the smile of a Friend may in
vite to Content and we all know Content is an ex cellent
Feast tis a manual Even ti fled to ev' ry one's prose when

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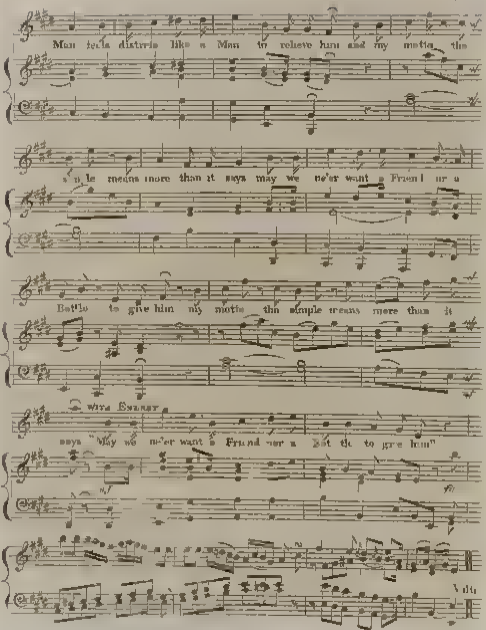
Man to his distress like a Man to relieve him and my motto the
simple means more than it says may we ne'er want a Friend or a
Bottle to give him my motto the simple means more than it
With Energy
says "May we ne'er want a Friend or a Bot tle to give him"

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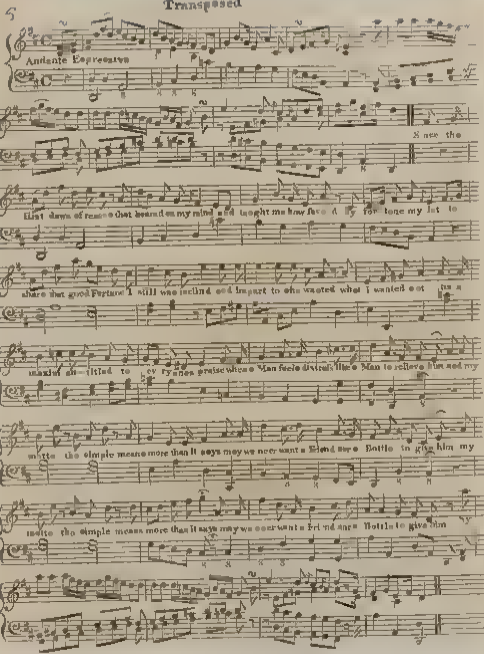
Andante Expressivo
Knew the
first dawn of reason dwelt in my mind and taught me how fast & fly how long my lot to
share the good Fortune I still was willing and longed to obey wanted what I wanted not
making ac-tivated to ev'ryones praise when a Man feels Divine like a Man to relieve that need my
motto the simple means more than it says may we never want a friend nor a Bottle to give him my
motto the simple means more than it says may we never want a friend nor a Bottle to give him

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Crazy Jane!

A Favorite Song

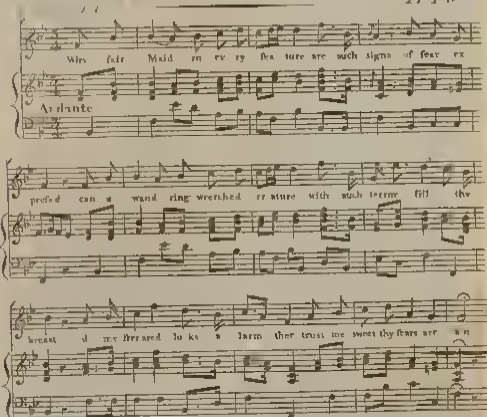
The Words by M.G. LEWIS, Esq^re

And Set to Music with an Accompaniment for the

Harp or Piano Forte

By Miss Abrams

Pr 1/6


Andante
Wher fair Maid in ev ry fea ture are such signs of fear ex
prefs'd can a wand ring wretched ir ature with such terror fill the
breast d ere Prepared to ex a larm ther trust me sweet thy fears are a n

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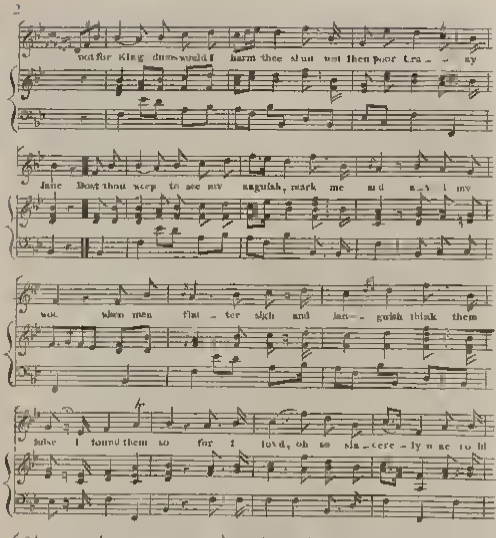
2
nat for King dum would I harm thee dun not then poor tra - - ay
Jane Dost thou weep to see my anguish, mark me and n - t I my
woe when men flat - ter sigh and lan - guish think them
love I found them so for I lov'd, oh so sin - cere - ly me to lit
ever love a - gain but the truth I lov'd so dear - ly still the

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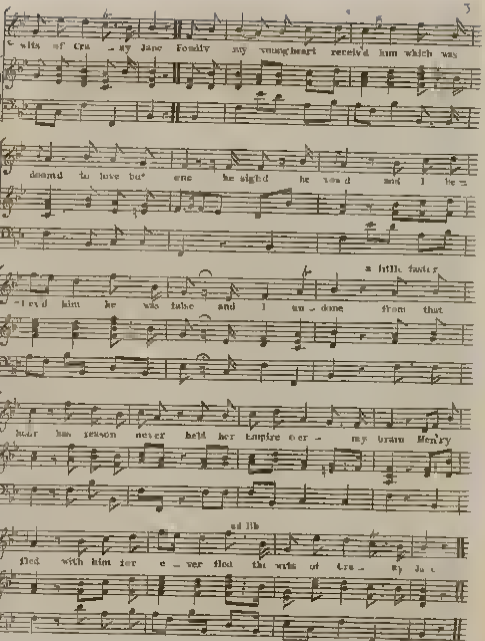
wits of cru - ay Jane Fondly my younghart receiv'd him which was
deamd to love but one he slighd he vow'd and I be -
a little faster
- liev'd him he was false and I un - done from that
hour his poison never held her Empire o'er - my brain Merry
ad lib
Med with him for e - ver fled the wits of cru - ay Ja -

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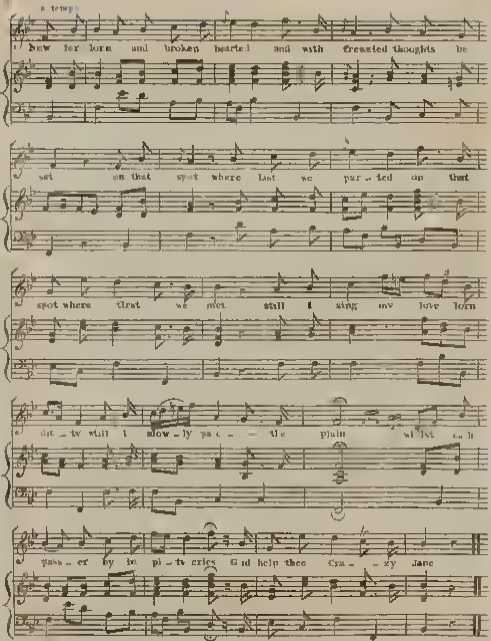
a tempo
how for lorn and broken hearted and with
wrinkled thoughts be
set on that spot where last we par - ted on that
spot where first we met still I sing my love lorn
lit - ty still I slow - ly pa - - the plain while
yaw - ey by in pi - ty cries God help thee cra - - zy Jane

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A

COLLECTION

of

Marches and Quick Steps,

Compos'd Selected and Adapted

for the

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by

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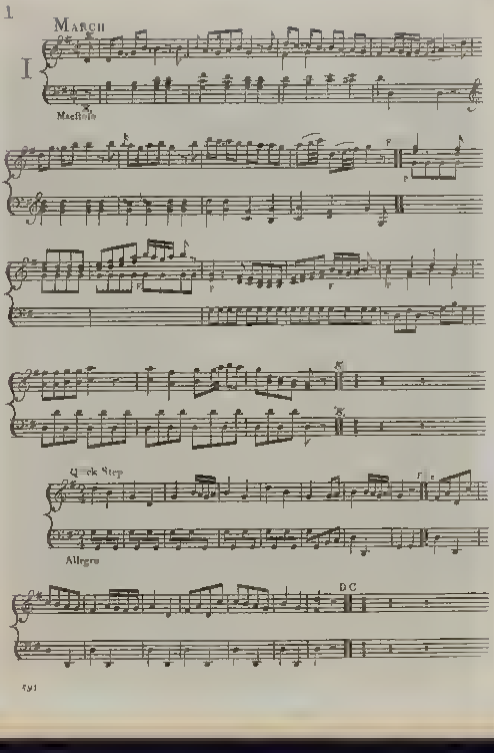

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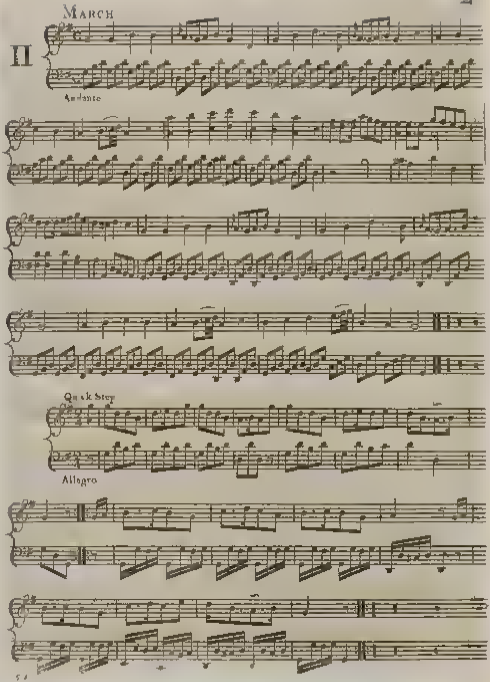

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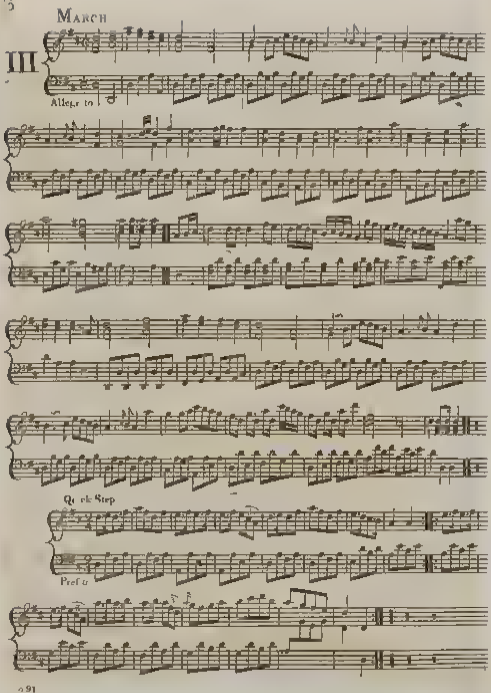

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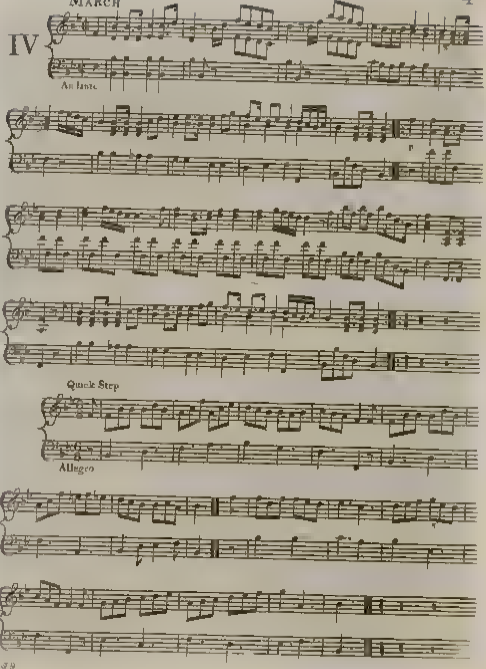

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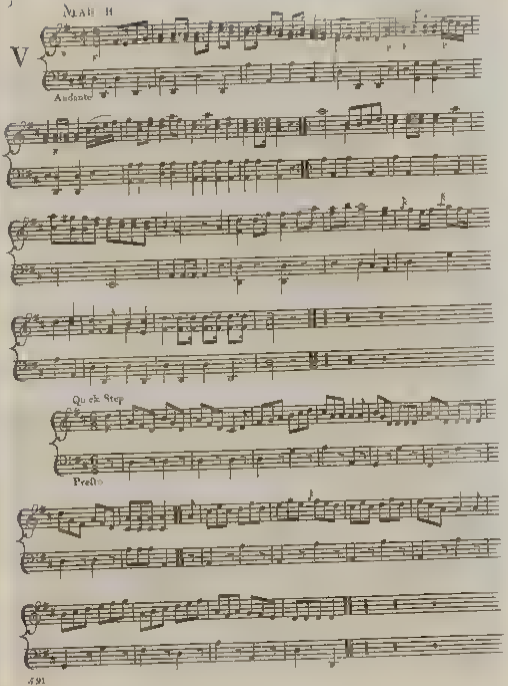

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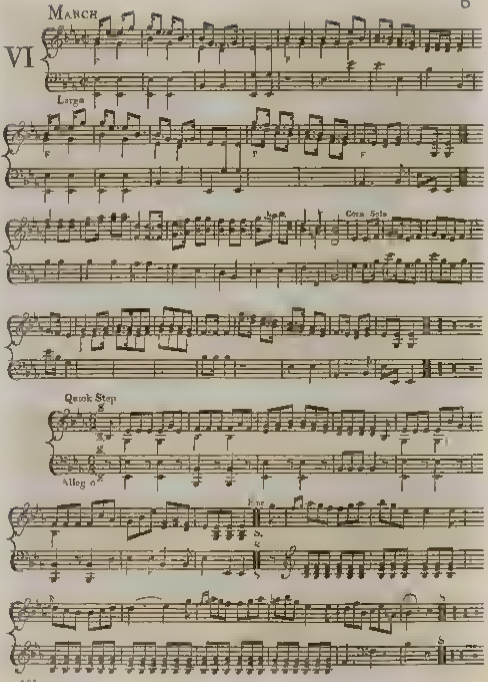

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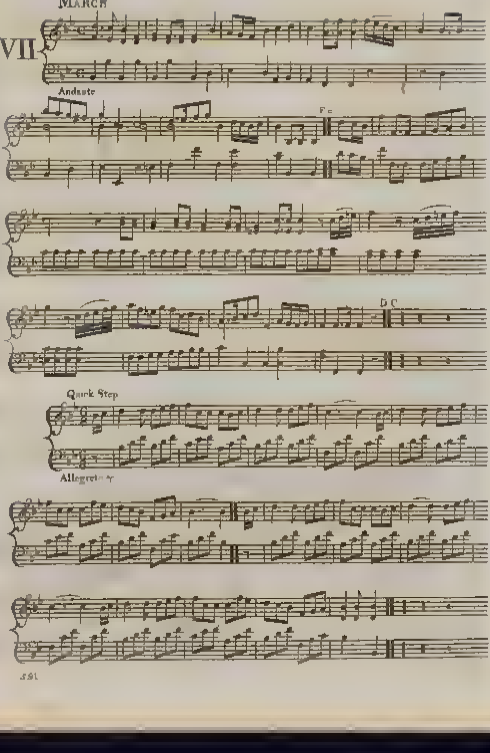
VII.



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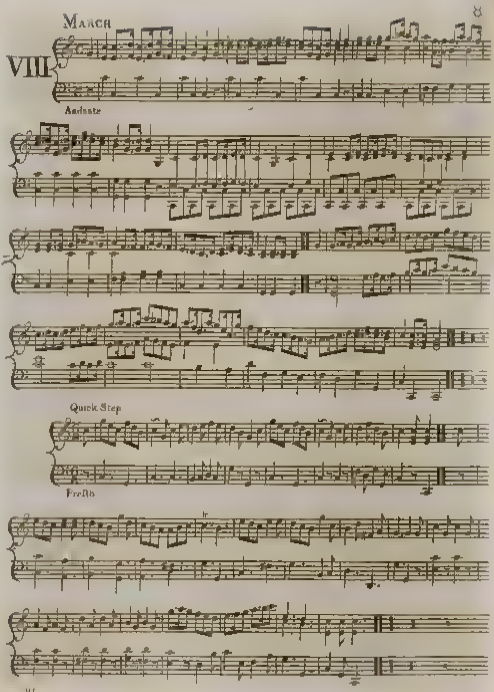

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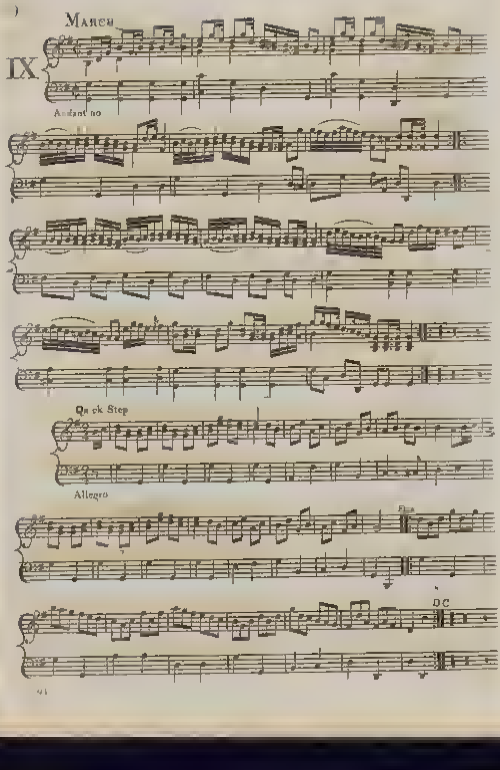

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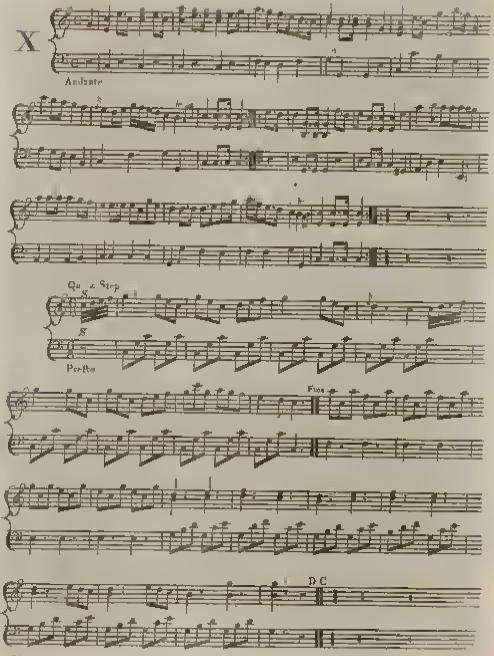

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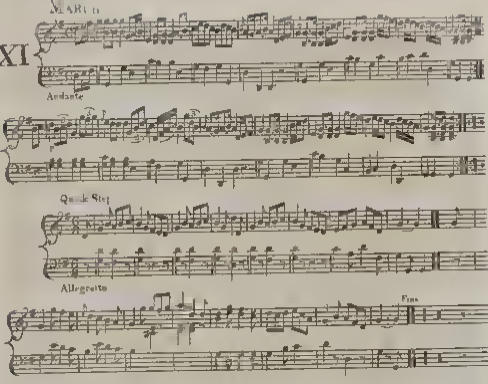

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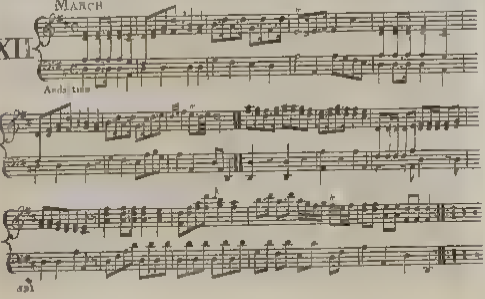

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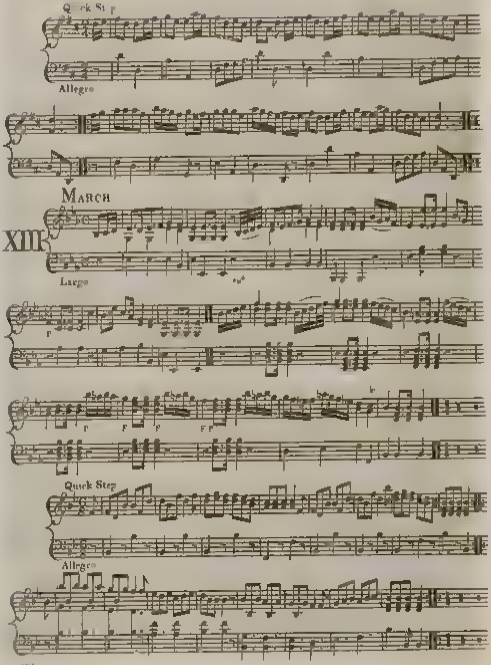

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MARCH

XIV

Allegretto

Quick Step

Allegretto

MARCH

XV

Andante

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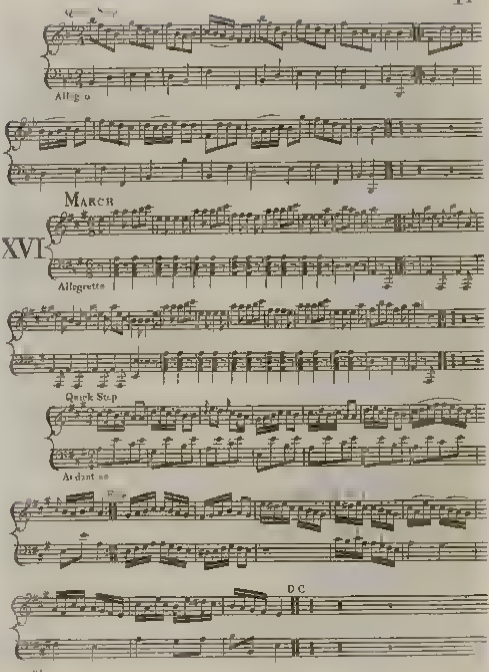

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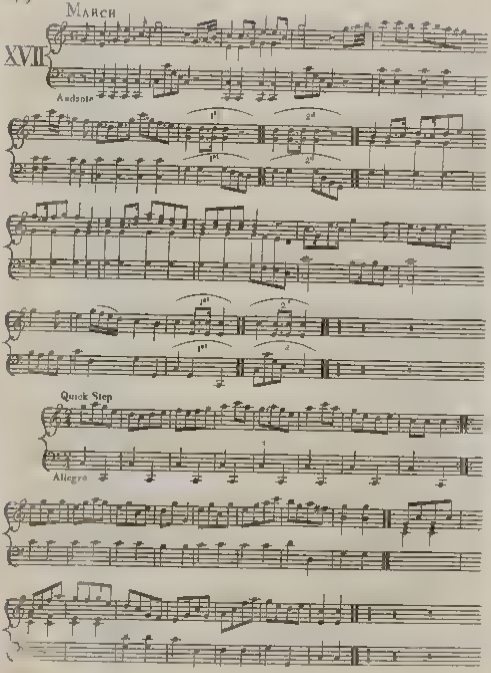

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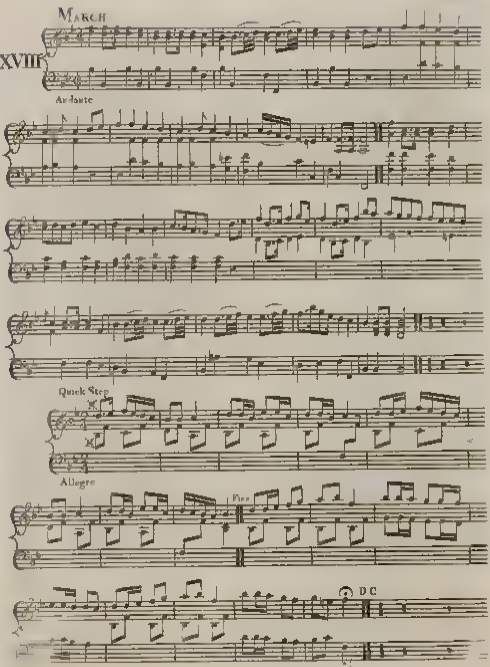

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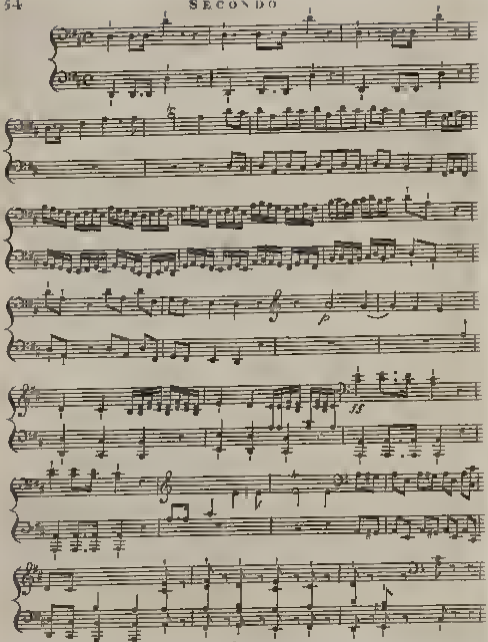

Duet N°12.

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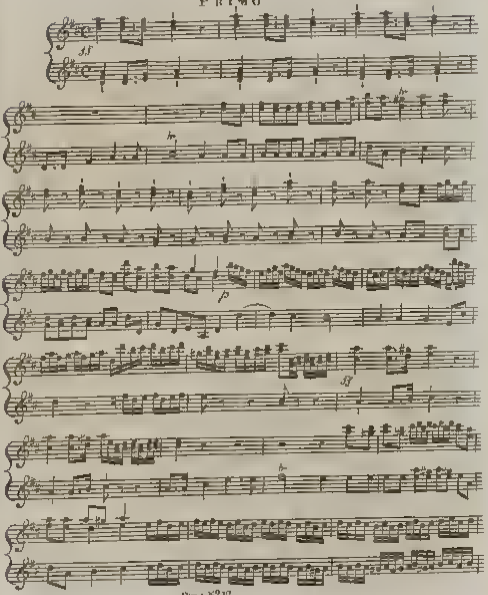
The Coronation Anthem.

For two Performers.by.I.C Pring.

PRIMO



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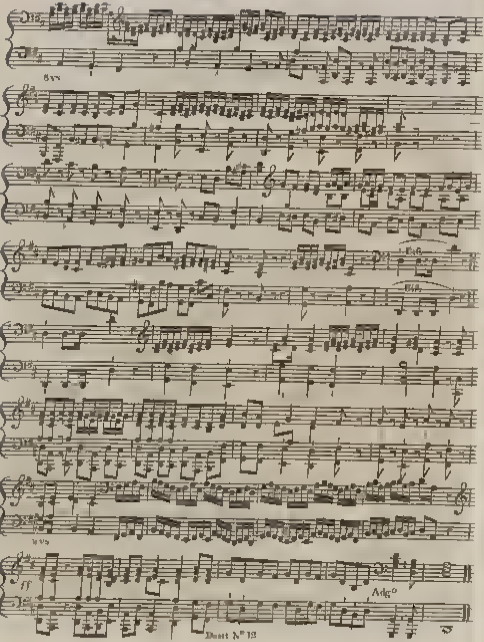

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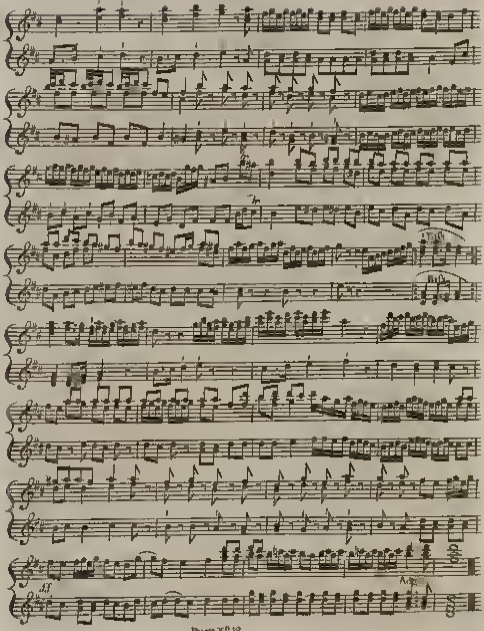

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A
Collection
Catches, Glees, Canons,
Canzonets, Madrigals &c.
Eminent Composers
By John Bland

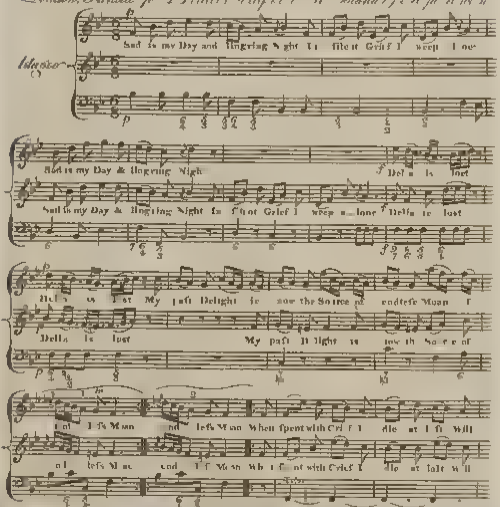
SAD IS MY DAY AND LINGRING NIGHT,

A Canzonet

Composed by

W. JACKSON

London, Printed for Thompson & Boaden at H. Bland's Music Warehouse


Sad is my Day and lingring Night Tis silent Grief I weep I owe
Sad is my Day & lingring Night
Sad is my Day & lingring Night In Silent Grief I weep alone Della is lost
Della is lost My past Delight is now the Source of endless Moan
Della is lost My past Delight is now the Source of
and Tears Moan and Tears Moan When spent with Grief I die at last Will
and Tears Moan and Tears Moan When spent with Grief I die at last Will

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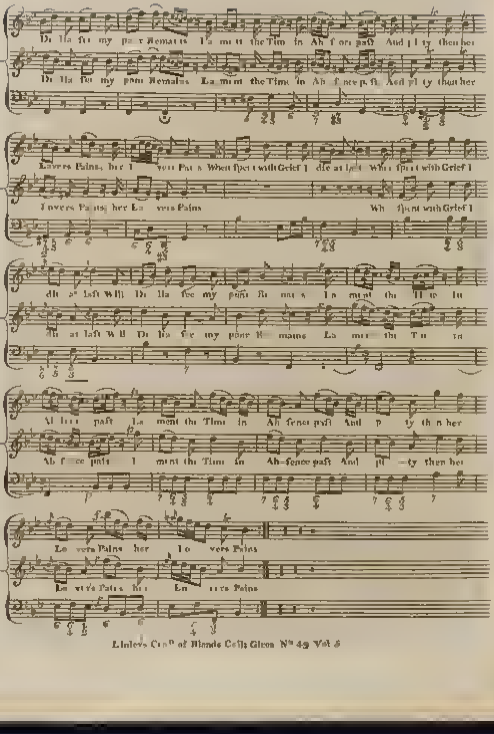
Da lia fee my poor Remains La ment the Time in Ah fence past And pity then her
Da lia fee my poor Remains La ment the Time in Ah fence past And pity then her
Lovers Pains, her Lovers Pains When fpent with Grief I die at laft
Lovers Pains, her Lovers Pains When fpent with Grief I
die at laft Will Da lia fee my poor Remains La ment the Time in
die at laft Will Da lia fee my poor Remains La ment the Time in
Ah fence paft La ment the Time in Ah fence paft And pity then her
Ah fence paft La ment the Time in Ah-fence paft And pity then her
Lovers Pains her Lovers Pains
Lovers Pains her Lovers Pains

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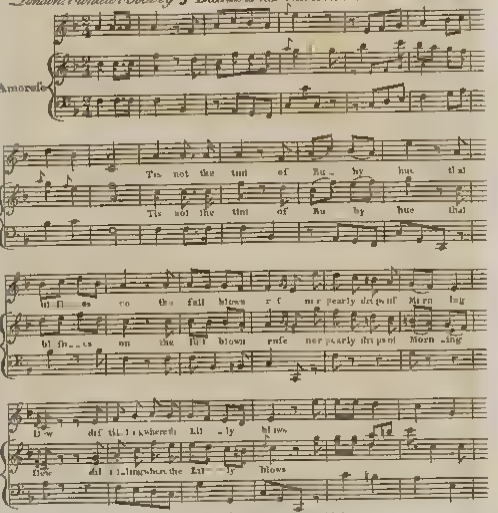
Fair Maria of the Dale.

A favorite DUETT Compos'd by

J. MOULDS.

London. Printed & Sold by J. Bland at his Music Warehouse 45 Holborn.


Amoroso
'Tis not the tint of Ru by hue that
'Tis not the tint of Ru by hue that
whose co the full blown rose nor pearly dew of Morn ing
blows on the full blown rose nor pearly dew of Morn ing
blow thro the hawthorn Lil ly blows
blow thro the hawthorn the Lil ly blows

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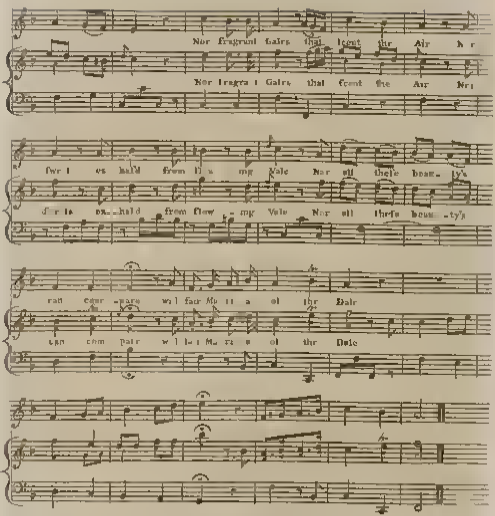
Nor fragrant Gales that scent the Air her
Nor fragrant Gales that scent the Air her
fwr I es hald from flow ing Vale Nor all theis beau ty's
fwr Ie es hald from flow ing Vale Nor all theis beau ty's
ran ger wars wal fair Ma ll a ol thr Dale
wan drom Dair wi le i Ma ra ll ol thr Dale

3

Thr sh shrudr of th Plains darlars
They never h w fa twar Maid
And whilft they view the charming fair
Love doth thrn rafy hearts inwdr
Th sh hou fmiles ea h l l thfine e Grass
Shps I eth I breathe ki An rous tre
Ar r Sh sh rd flowrs to gain
Th hi d Maria ol hr Dal

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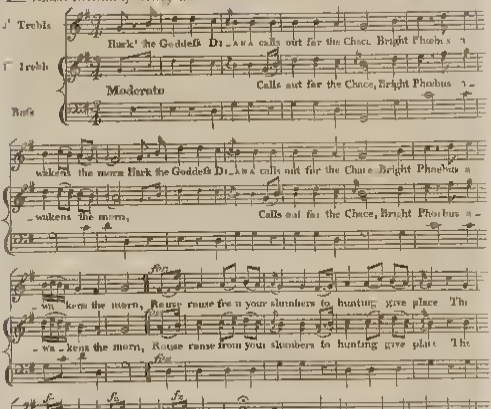
Hark! the Goddess Diana

A Favorite HUNTING DUET, Sung by

Mrs^r DIGNUM & PAGE, as also by Mrs^r TOWNSEND & GREI

Words by Mr Hart, Composed by Reginald Spofforth

London Printed & Sold by J. Bland at his Music Warehouse 45 Holborn


1st Treble
2d Treble
Bass
Moderato
Hark! the Goddess Diana calls out for the Chace, Bright Phoebus
Calls out for the Chace, Bright Phoebus
wakens the morn Hark the Goddess Diana calls out for the Chace Bright Phoebus
wakens the morn,
Calls out for the Chace, Bright Phoebus
Wa kens the morn, Rouse rouse from your slumbers to hunting give place The
Wa kens the morn, Rouse rouse from your slumbers to hunting give place The
huntsman is winding his Horn the huntsman is winding his
huntsman is winding, is winding his Horn the huntsman is winding is winding his

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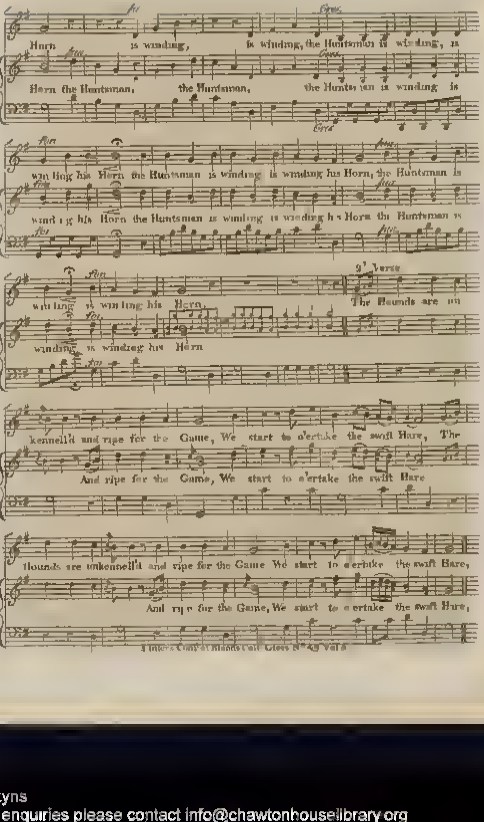
Horn is winding, is winding, the Huntsman is winding, is
Horn the Huntsman, the Huntsman, the Huntsman is winding is
winding his Horn the Huntsman is winding is winding his Horn, the Huntsman is
winding his Horn the Huntsman is winding is winding his Horn the Huntsman is
2d Verse
winding is winding his Horn, The Hounds are un
winding, is winding his Horn
kennell'd and ripe for the Game, We start to o'ertake the swift Hare, The
And ripe for the Game, We start to o'ertake the swift Hare
Hounds are unkennell'd and ripe for the Game We start to o'ertake the swift Hare,
And ripe for the Game, We start to o'ertake the swift Hare,

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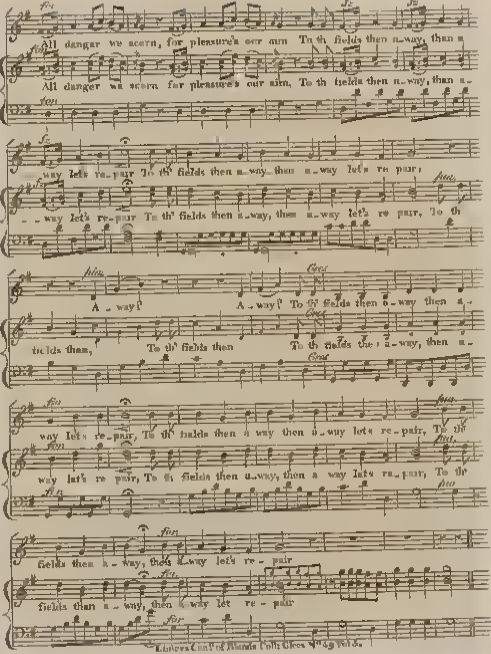
All danger we scorn, for pleasure's our aim, To th' fields then a-way, than a
All danger we scorn, for pleasure's our aim, To th' fields then a-way, than a-
-way let's re-pair To th' fields then a-way, then a-way let's re pair;
-way let's re-pair To th' fields then a-way, then a-way let's re pair, To th'
A-way! A-way! To th' fields then a-way then a-
fields then, To th' fields then To th' fields then a-way, then a-
way let's re-pair, To th' fields then a way then a-way let's re-pair, To th'
way let's re pair, To th' fields then a-way, then a way let's re-pair, To th'
fields then a-way, then a way let's re-pair
fields then a-way, then a way let re-pair

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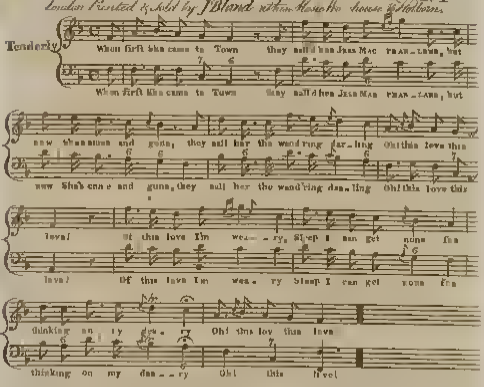
JESS MACPHARLANE.

A favorite DUETT, as Sung at the Dilettanti Concerts

London Printed & Sold by J. Bland, at the Harp & Hoboy, the house of Holborn. Pr. 1s

Tenderly


When first she came to Town they call'd her Jess Mac Pharlane, but
When first she came to Town they call'd her Jess Mac Pharlane, but
now she's known and gone, they call her the wand'ring darling Oh! this love this
now she's come and gone, they call her the wand'ring darling Oh! this love this
love! O! this love I'm wea - ry, Sleep I can get none for
love! O! this love I'm wea - ry Sleep I can get none for
thinking on my dar - ling Oh! this love this love
thinking on my dar - ling Oh! this love

2

Her Father loves her well,
Her Mother loves her better,
And I like the trial myself
But alas! I cannot get her
Oh! this love &c

3

I took it in my head
To write my love a letter,
But, alas! the cannot read,
And I like her so the better
Oh! this love &c

4

Then alas I cannot rest
For thinking of my darling,
I'll wander too, in quest
Of lovely Jess Macpharlane,
Oh this love &c

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Damon's Bow'r,

a favorite DUET Composed by Sig^r Giordani

Lond.^n Printed & Sold by J. Bland at his Musical Warehouse No. 31 Hay.^t

2^d Voice

How blithly paſs'd the Summer's day how bright was ev'ry

Larghetto

How blithly paſs'd the Summer's day how bright was ev'ry

flow'r while friends ar round in Cir cles gay, in vi fit Damons bow'r

flow'r while friends ar round in Cir cles gay, in vi fit Damons bow'r

but now with ſilent ſlow ſteps, along ſome lone ly ſhore and

but now with ſilent ſlow ſteps, along ſome lone ly ſhore; and

Damons bow'r A las! the change is gay with friends re mote

Damons bow'r A las! the change is Joy with friends no more

1

Away to Crowds and Cities hoome,
In quiſt of Joy they fleer;
While I Alone on ſoft footſtuns
To weep the parting year
O penſive Autumn how I grieve,
Thy lowring face to ſee
While languid leaves are taking leave
Of ev'ry drooping Tree

2

Ah let me not with heavy eye,
This dying ſcene ſurvey
Nor let my thoughts uſurp the ſky,
Contemn my Lover's decay
How can I hear the motley ſwell,
Yon ſickning leaves return,
That ſpeak at once of pleaſure paſt
And bode approaching pain

Entered Com.^rs of Music's Coll. Glean No. 49 Vol. 2.

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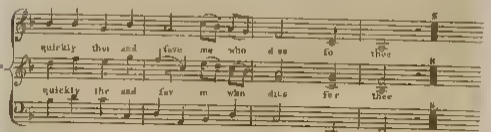
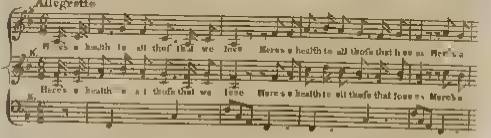
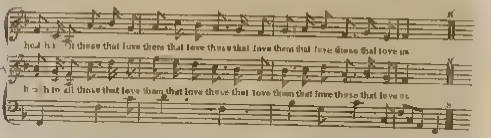
OH! MY LOVE LOVST THOU ME.

A favorite DUETT as Sung at the Vocal Concerts




Allegretto
Here's a health to all those that we love Here's a health to all those that we love Here's a
Here's a health to all those that we love Here's a health to all those that we love Here's a


health to all those that love them that love those that love them that love those that love us
health to all those that love them that love those that love them that love those that love us

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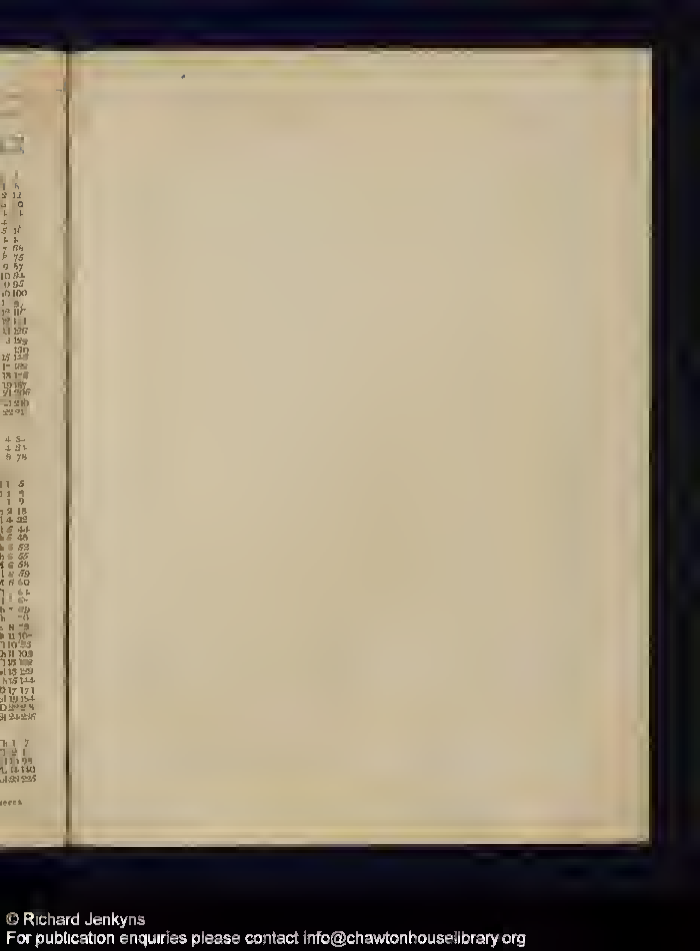

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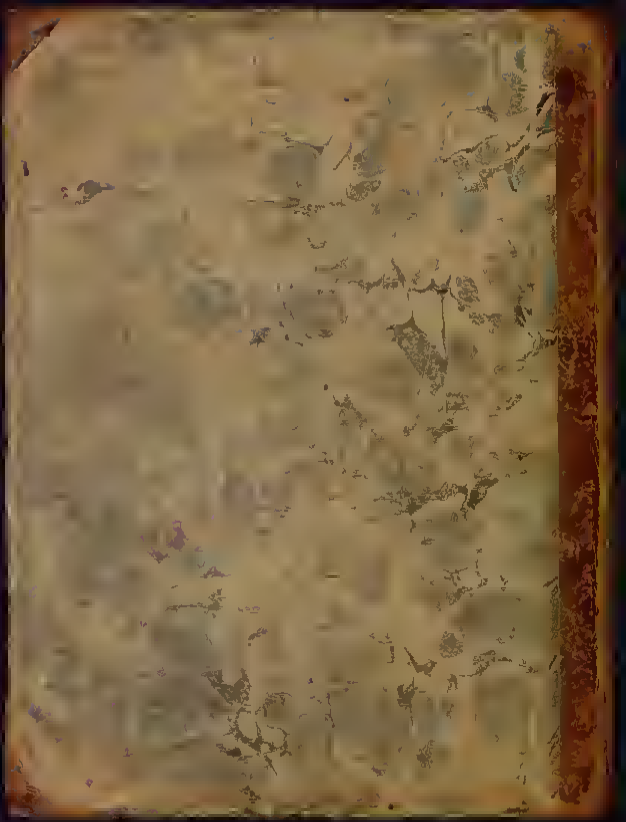

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